

Something different

by KingofSlasher

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Summary: A girl has something about her, something different. Different from all the other teenagers Michael has stalked and murdered. He has the urge to find out more. Why? because there's something different about her. Michael is 25 in this one, so kind of in between films

## 1. Chapter 1

Michael watched intrigued by the girl that was crouched down. She was waiting. But for what was the question. The she sprung like a rabbit from her den, she darted out from the shrubbery she was hid behind, to look at her catch. She cut the rabbit that was strung in the air down and snapped its neck with ease. Most girls her age would cry and refuse to do it, their little eyes filled with sorrow. But this girls eyes were filled with nothing of the sort. In fact she seemed calm as she started to gut the rabbit with the greatest of ease, she tossed away the innards and skinned it. Carefully dividing the meat up. She placed it in a plastic bag and walked back towards thee bush, she opened the cooler and threw the rabbit in. Michael made sure that he was well out of view from this somewhat intriguing and captivating girl. She took out a bottle of water from the cooler and took great swigs from it, some of the cool liquid escaped her mouth and trickled down her shirt. She didn't seem to bothered about it as the weather was fairly warm and she had spent the day hunting. Michael wondered why a girl would have to hunt for food in this day and age of supermarkets and takeaways. The girl threw her black hair back and smiled putting one leg on the blue lid of the cooler. A look of pride was across her face as she looked around the wood, light shone behind her from the large gap between one side of the wood and the other that created a path that lead towards the river bank. She wiped the sweat from her brow, using the sweatband on her left wrist. She stood like this for a few minutes before she placed her leg back on the ground and picked up the cooler. She began to walk the path towards town with a reluctance about her. She walked slowly and almost like a zombie. The skip in her step that she had had throughout the day had

vanished. Michael didn't know why but he felt drawn to follow her, he didn't want to kill her though. There was just something about her, something different. Something most girls and in fact boys her age lacked. He didn't know what though. But whatever it was, he felt compelled to find out no matter what the cost. He began to sulk through the trees keeping her in his sites but himself out of hers. This was a difficult task as throughout the whole day he had spent watching her, she had shown she had the ears of a fox and the eyes of a hawk. Something most people these days lacked. She looked around her shoulder now and again and he would stop. When she walked, he walked. It was almost as if she knew he was there, waiting and walking behind her and she was playing a game with him. The trees started to get thinner and less of them around. \_Must be close to town. \_He thought with a frown. He watched as she stepped out into a patch of light up ahead . He started to walk a little faster not wanting to lose her. He could see her again. She had stopped just a few centimetres away from the border between the woods and the small village. He got a little closer so he could get a better view. He managed to move himself into a position were he could see everything. There was four women and one man stood around her. Their eyes full of glee. The first to speak was one of the women, she was rather plump in a pink flowered dress. Her blonde hair in a high beehive style.

"How much for two rabbit legs?" She asked, she sounded very impatient as if she had been waiting ages for the answer to this question."I could cut you a deal, as the Rabbits aren't breeding very well at the moment." The girl lied. Michael sniggered under his mask knowing the truth, she had caught a lot of rabbit today, but she had released a few of the baby ones. He figured she wanted stock for the future and they wouldn't sell for much. This girl to him seemed sly and cunning, she was different.

"And what would this deal be Coraline?" The fat woman asked the girl. The girl clearly known as Coraline smirked a little and smiled sweetly.

"A bunch of your apples and I'll give you the two rabbit legs for a mere \$3?" She smiled again, Michael sniggered again. She's cunning I give her that, He thought. The plump woman sighed before whipping out a notepad and he purse from her bright yellow bag.

"You drive a hard bargain Coraline." She muttered scribbling down on the notepad furiously. When finished she ripped the note off the pad and thrust it into Coraline's open hand. She then rummaged around her purse and slapped the money into her hand. Coraline smiled slipping the money into one of her pockets. Michael found himself taking in all of her appearance. She wasn't tall nether small, she wasn't thin but she wasn't fat, her hair fell to just above her shoulders and was a ebony colour. Her jeans looked old and tattered and were ripped in various places, her shirt was a simple red t-shirt. It seemed that she was from a not so well of family. Whilst Michael had been studying her, Coraline had rummaged in the colour and passed some of the rabbit to the plump woman. She snatched it out of her hand and walked off mumbling. The other two women left were inquiring about what she had in stock, one wanted some mushrooms to which Coraline must not have had in stock as the woman nodded and walked off empty handed. The next woman wanted to put a request in. Coraline looked up, the sun was beating down on her hard and she wiped some more sweat away from her brow pushing her fringe from it.

"You want some cod?" She asked the woman again making sure she had heard her correctly.

"Yes will you be able to get some?" She asked hoping that she would. Coraline bit her lip and thought about it. "I could try not promising anything Mrs Miggins." She smiled and the woman smiled back. Mrs Miggins thanked her and walked off up the road, the same way as the other two women. That left the old man stood in front of her. He smiled and she smiled back, the widest she had smiled all day. She rummaged around the cooler and dug out a bag. It contained a lot of meat, much more than any of the other bags. She handed it to the man who smiled and ruffled her hair messing it up.

"Squirrel my favourite, don't know how you catch them their crafty, how much do I owe you?" The man asked digging his wallet out, to which Coraline declined and waved her hand. "No charge Mr Tyson, you know I don't mind catching them its no trouble please don't." She smiled. He smiled back and straightened his jacket out. The man was a picture of old. His white hair to match his white beard, the wrinkles in his face a story of time gone by. He looked like he was wise and trust worthy in his little hat and brown pants and jacket.

"You're a good kid you know that, now be safe on the way home." He smiled, she nodded and smiled back. She watched as one of the only people to show her kindness walked back towards his cottage in the woods. She waved and he waved back, he whistled a merry tune as he walked. He walked like he was back in his youth. But his face begged to differ. Coraline smiled then looked at her watch and then her smile faded. She picked up the cooler and ran to the left. Michael wondered what that was about, he had to run after her. He didn't know why he just had to for some reason. There was something about her, something different.

## 2. Chapter 2

Michael didn't have much trouble following Coraline up to her house, the path leading up to it had a dense set of trees to the side of it. He was in touching distance of the gate that led to an overgrown garden to which a few minutes before he had seen Coraline venture through. It was filled with weeds and nettles. Obviously been neglected for years possibly a decade. Forgotten almost. The house was on a slope and was the only one around. There was a light lit in the slanted attic window at the very top of the house and one lit in the bottom window to the left. Michael looked around carefully, pausing not wanting to make a slip up and be noticed. When he saw the coast was clear he snuck into the garden. He had taken note that the gate made a large creak when opened and decided to step over it. He struggled a bit, tearing a little patch of his boiler suit and opening a scabbed wound from a past battle back open. He felt the liquid ooze out but ignored it. Pain didn't affect him in the same way as it once did. He crept up the path to where the bottom light was coming from. The window didn't have any curtains. This was an upside. He manoeuvred himself into a position to which he could see in, but they couldn't see him. It took a while but then again he was a master of the element of surprise. He focused in seeing more than just Coraline in the room. There was a fat balding man stood in front of her in a stained white vest. He couldn't hear what they were saying but he could tell he was shouting. He watched as he pointed and his

mouth opened wide as he shouted again at her. Most people her age would be cowering or their eyes brimming with tears. But not her. She stood there her face set in stone. It didn't change until he struck her across the face. As he did Michael felt anger swell up inside him. \_How dare he hit her!\_ he thought. He watched as she flew to the side and landed on the tattered old leather sofa. He watched as the man walked over to the window, Michael through himself against the wall. Hoping to blend in. He heard the mans voice clearly as he opened the window.

"Its stuffy in here, now Coraline were have you been today and your going to tell me this time?" The man spat, his voice impatient. Michael looked into the window once again and noticed that Coraline had stood back up her cheek red where he had hit her. "I have been out in the woods dear farther." She slowly said. The confidence had disappeared from her voice, but the slyness was still there but a very subtle hint of it. He watched as the mans face turned red and the veins bulged in his eyes. "I know that you stupid brat!" He screamed striding towards her. He grabbed her shoulders firmly. His eyes filled with anger and something else maybe insanity? Michael thought. But whatever it was, Coraline didn't seem phased in the slightness. She breathed in and closed her eyes.

"What have you been doing in the woods?" He asked her. His voice growing evermore impatient. Coraline opened her eyes once more. Michael could see they were a deep hazel colour. Just like his.

"I was walking." She slowly said again. She closed her eyes as if bracing herself for something. He could hear the mans breathing getting heavier. He watched as he threw the girl to the couch. She landed with thud even though it seemed like a cushioned landing. He stormed towards the exit of the room.

"I'm going to the pub, when I get back I expect you to be telling the truth." He grumbled and slammed the living room door behind him. Michael quickly ducked down and hid behind a nearby bush. He watched as light illuminated the path and out stepped the man. He walked off well more of a staggered slamming the door behind him. He waited till he had disappeared into the darkness and the thick fog that had set in. He watched as Coraline stood up and walked out of the room leaving the light on. He saw tears brimmed in her eyes as she walked. He decided to go in. He stood up and brushed the dirt of his boiler suit and walked towards the door. He hoped it wasn't locked. Not wanting to climb through the window. Too his luck it wasn't locked and swung open with ease. The entrance to the house was dimly lit he made out the staircase and decided that Coraline must be upstairs. As the other doors were firmly shut. He entered the house his footsteps muffled by the carpet beneath him. From the outside and the inside it gave off the impression that at one point in time it was grand house with a lively and bubbly atmosphere. Which was now gone and in its place was one of fear and violence. He mounted the stairs and began to climb. He grabbed the banister and began to climb faster till he reached the top of the stairs. There was three doors. He looked down to see light spread out on the old wooden floor, the door had posters on it all tattered and peeling. They mainly had "keep out." Scrawled on them in messy hand writing in a red crayon it seemed. He decided on a hunch that this was Coraline's room. He slowly walked towards it trying to limit the sound he made. He didn't want her to panic and do some thing rash. \_Yeah smart idea Michael scare her by creeping into her room what you going to do knock?\_ He frowned at the thought of

scaring her. She was different and he wanted to treat her different to the rest. Michael knocked on the door. His knock let of an echoing sound that seemed to fill the house. He always had the niggling feeling that their was someone else in the house. But it seemed unlikely now. But he didn't think about it before entering the house putting himself into danger. Something he rarely did. There was a scuffle inside the room that the door guarded."Who's out there? No one in this house knocks." She harshly spat. Michael raised an eyebrow. She was acting tough but she was only small. All he had to do was one little hand movement and she would be out cold on the floor, or whimpering in pain in the corner. But Michael didn't guess what happened next would have even been possible. The door swung open at such a rate and with such force that Michael thought it was been opened my a bombarding gorilla on heat. Then out launched Coraline gripping a very sharp hunting knife. She lunged at Michael with power behind her, which would have knocked a normal person into next week. But Michael wasn't what you called normal. Instead he took it and didn't move an inch. Coraline's hair had fell onto her face, but Michael could see some tiny bits of her eye as the strands parted a little. They were filled with rage, anger and defence. She was panting, instead of launching another one of her feeble attacks, she just stood crouched down a little staring at Michael. She had learnt her lesson from the last one. He was tough and her normal force wouldn't affect him in the slightest. She was weighing him up as well and caught on that fighting this guy would be a suicide attempt. She figured her odds of her beating him were slimmer than winning the lottery.

"Who are you ? Why are you in my house? What do you want? Answer quickly." She snapped. He sniggered under his mask. \_What you going to do short fry? \_He looked down and watched as she looked up slowly. "Oh not a talker are we?" At that point she charged at him placing her blade tip just at his waistline. Michael was still standing put had been pushed against the wall. He smiled under his mask, she had fallen right into his carefully planned trap. \_Lets see how you like been lunged at. \_With that thought he pushed her over back into her bedroom door. As she fell he saw her eyes flash with fear. The knife flew to his feet. He scooped down and picked it up and walked towards Coraline who was struggling around on the floor. He walked around her and dropped the knife a couple of inches in front of her face. Her eyes sprung to attention and looked him up for the first time properly. "Oh ok then that didn't go to planâ€|..." She mumbled. Michael nodded and held his hand out. Her face expression turned from a frown of horror to one of confusion.

"Your helping me?" She asked. Michael nodded again and thrust his hand towards her more. Coraline raised her hand and then brought it back to her. Her brain was going mental. She didn't know if this was a trap, if he was generally helping her or if he was toying with her. She decided that if it was her time to die it was her time to die and grabbed his hand. She was a little surprised when he hoisted her up onto her feet. She blushed a little standing back letting go of his hand quickly. He was strong. Stronger than most normal people. Michael looked as her face had gone a bright shade of red and smiled a little. "Thank you ermâ€|. What's your name?" She asked not looking up from the floor. Her eyes fixated on the dark wooden floorboards instead of the huge towering man who stood before her. She looked up curious to why he didn't answer. "Cant you talk?" She asked him. He shook his head and with that she smiled and put a finger up. Michael watched as she ran around her room as if she was looking for

something of great importance. He felt a little awkward stood there watching a young girl run around the room throwing stuff into the centre as she searched for the object. He blushed a little when she threw some underwear into the centre. She eventually resurfaced from under a pile of messily folded clothes with a mini whiteboard and pen. She walked over to him eagerly and thrust it into his hands. He stared at the board with reluctance about him. He only decided to use it when she frowned a little. \_My names Michael. He scribbled messily. He watched as her face lit up, as if she was six year old and she had walked past a toy store at Christmas and was staring in the window. Or when a child sees a rainbow. "Hi Michael, I'm Coraline but you can call me Corey for short." She beamed. Her eyes said she wanted to know more about him. She was almost fascinated by him. There was something about him that made him so interesting. He had an air about him. In that air it was a mix of mystery, danger and a hint of solitary. He watched as her face turned to shock as she saw that he was bleeding and blood was oozing out of the cut and onto his boiler suit. Michael hadn't even noticed it. "YOUR HURT! WAIT HERE!" She snapped whilst running out of the room and down the corridor. He could hear her footsteps getting quieter as she got further away. He stood there and looked around her room standing in the middle. He didn't have a place in the messy room to be. He was just there in the middle. Her room was messy and clothes and books were scattered around the room in little piles. Her bed wasn't made and the covers were thrown back revealing a purple fitted sheet. Her walls an awful shade of yellow that looked ancient. It was cracked and peeling. Michael heard Coraline's footsteps and she burst back into her room clutching a first aid kit. Her eyes looked wild and mad. "Sit on my bed!" She barked loudly whilst walking to a table putting the box under her arm, she swept everything off the table and onto the floor. Teddies, sweets and all sorts of things came crashing to the earth with a bang. Michael had done as he was told and had sat on her bed. She turned around and jumped back a little.\_

"\_Crap only just noticed your wearing a maskâ€|.. I'm not going to ask why you probably wont tell me. God this is too much like a horror film but I'm helping you so it's kind of not like a horror film. Sorry when I get nervous I tend to warble on and on about random stuff or obvious observations and and I'm doing it now sorry." She spoke fast and Michaels eyes just darted as he lost track of what she was saying. She ran over with some scissors and a plaster. She bent down and looked at the wound, she placed her hand gently on it and noticed it was bigger than it seemed. "Look Michael I need to unzip your suit a little the cuts on your lower abdomen and it seems big and deep." She softly said placing her hand on his zip. Michael paused to think but he didn't have time to answer before she began to unzip it swiftly. He grabbed her wrist and squeezed it tight before looking at her. Coraline could feel the pressure on her wrist increasing, she looked down into the masked mans eyes and for a minute got a little lost. "Michael if you don't let me, you could die. Trust me please." She softly said after regaining her train of thought. She felt the pressure ease slowly of her wrists and carried on unzipping the suit. She separated it and saw the cut to her left. She put her finger on it and noticed it wasn't too deep. She ran to the first aid kit and grabbed some antiseptic, some bandages and tape and some cotton wool. She ran back over to him, she couldn't help but get a glance of his body. It was well toned and she blushed. Michael blushed a little too as he caught her glancing at him. She quickly got to work spraying the spray onto his cut, he flinched a little as the pain stung him.\_

"\_HOLD STILL! Grab Mr. Floppy." She said grabbing her big rabbit teddy and giving it to Michael who rolled his eyes and clutched it tight to his chest. "Now this may sting a little moreâ€œ!" she said as she sprayed a lot more onto it. Pain wasn't the word and Michael clutched Mr. Floppy tighter and looked down at the girl. He felt something move inside of him, something he hadn't felt for a member of the other sex everâ€œ|...\_

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Thank you to everyone who reviewed and faved my story, I cant tell you how much it means to me. Thank you so much.\*\*

Coraline had finished tending to Michaels wound. She had cleaned it and wrapped it in bandages. As she packed the first aid kit away ( Her packing was more stuffing it back into the small box and hoping for the best.) she looked around and noticed Michael button his boiler suit up. Her eyes scanned him up and down. There was something wrong. She had heard his name before, but remembering it was the trick. She bit her lip hard and walked towards him. She stood a few inches in front of Michael and looked down at him. "Who are you?" She asked him again. She had helped him, the least he could do was to give her an explanation. It was also common courtesy for him to answer her question in the fullest of detail. Michael looked up into the teenagers eyes that seemed to dance in the light with such anticipation and curiosity. She wanted to know everything he could tell. He picked up the whiteboard and began to scribble some more. Coraline sat down beside him and leaned in closer. Michael shivered a little as their bodies touched and budged away slightly. He felt more than awkward he was sat in a teenagers room and she was still alive. This was a new for him. He finished and thrust it to her, he didn't make eye contact with her not wanting to make this situation even more difficult for him or for her. In a few minutes she would know the truth about him. A murderer he was but a gentleman he was also. He wasn't going to lie to someone who had shown him so much kindness. He watched as her eyes scanned the board furiously and as her facial expression changed. He looked away as he saw she was drawing close to the end. He gulped his throat was dry and his palms getting a little sweaty. He looked up to a nearby chest of draws to see a hunting knife. He figured if she turned he would just have to stab her. But a part of him hoped she wouldn't turn, a part of him hoped she would accept it and let him go and a part of him knew she was different so it gave hope to him. But the reaction he received wasn't either of the ones he expected. Oh no it was far moreâ€œ|... Interesting. He heard her laugh. The laugh was on the border of insanity. He looked over to see she had a smile wider than a Cheshire cats. He watched as she turned to him her eyes shinning brighter than before. "Michael Myers an infamous murderer, my prayers have been answered!" She beamed grabbing Michaels shoulders. He squirmed a little feeling uncomfortable but soon settled and stopped resisting. "Michael kill my dad for me?" She pleaded her voice filled with more than a subtle hint of hope. She seemed ecstatic that she had someone capable of murder in her house. "Please I'm fed up with the abuse I get, sure I'd do it myself I mean I've tried but I can't bring myself to plunge the dagger into his heart and make his blood run cold." She hastily said looking around her room. She let go off Michaels shoulders and slumped down on her bed. She sighed a little before looking back at Michael. "It hurts me to stay here, I tried running away but he

caught me and wellâ€œ scars don't tend to fade." She slowly said rubbing her shoulder. That very sentence sent Michaels blood boiling, it hit the spot when he watched a small tear escape her eyes. He grabbed the whiteboard and began to write.

\_Where would you go after?\_ it read. Coraline looked up and wiped her eyes with the back of her pale hand. " I don't knowâ€œ with you?" She asked her voice croaky and she stuttered a little as she spoke. Her voice had gone from one of confidence and caring to one of terror and sadness. Michael rubbed the words out and replaced them quickly.

\_My life isn't one of ease we'd constantly be on the run and can you look after yourself?\_ He showed her the words and looked over to her and watched as she raised her eyebrow.

"Better than this life here and look after myself? I handed your ass to you on a plate a few hours agoâ€œ.. Until you used your strengthâ€œ" She frowned a little. As she frowned Michael smiled something he didn't do rarely. \_Promise me something Corey? \_He wrote below the first sentence. Coraline smiled she liked been called Corey. She blushed a little as well not many people called her it and when they did she felt special. "What is it?" She asked curiously edging closer to him. He budged away slightly again. He scribbled again fast he wanted to get it out in the open.\_If you come with me you cant leave . \_Coraline bit her lip again and began to run through the negatives and positives. She eventually broke the silence that filled the cold room. Her voice seemed to warm it up and made the room and the atmosphere that lurked in it more pleasant.

"I guess it's the price I will have to pay, to escape my monster of a dad." she softly said her voice dropping its happy upbeat tone. Michael nodded. This was out of character for him way out of character. He just couldn't kill her, he didn't know why he just couldn't. He leant back on her bed and put his hands behind his head. Coraline looked over to him and smiled."So this is the plan on how to kill him, I planned this when I was thirteen so it's a bit rusty and amateur but if you think it could be improved since you're a pro and everything then I'm open to improvements." She quickly said, dragging out a nearby book and emptied its contents onto her bed. She spread them out and rummaged through them, the lined paper was covered in drawings and heavily wrote on. He leaned up a little to get a closer look at what seemed years off carefully planed work that had never been carried out. She grabbed a piece of paper and kneeled on her bed just in front of Michael. Her eyes were flickering once again and anticipation and excitement filled the air once more. "Right ready?" She giggled as she started to explain the plan to him. Michael leant back again and raised an eyebrow. He was hung to every word she said. He took in every sweet sentence she said. He had realised why he couldn't kill her. Why she was different. She was a psychopath she had planned her fathers death to the smallest detail. Everything from time to weapon to even how much she predicts he will bleed. He was impressed to say the least. He was happy that he held back and denied himself the satisfaction of killing her, as he would receive more with her alive. She was smart and cunning. She was a perfect companion, together they would slaughter and make chaos. This was the start of a beautiful friendship. A bloody relationship to say the least.

Michael had listened with enthusiasm to Coraline's sinful plan to murder her abusive dad. Every word that escaped her delicate mouth sent Michaels adrenaline levels sky high. He hung to every single last one of the words that would send most normal peoples blood cold. She was insane and was wanting to release her unstable sanity on her neglecting farther. But she didn't have the heart to do so, something always talked her out of it just before she sent the dagger down into his cholesterol filled heart and stopping it forever. That thing was her conscience, something that Michael lacked. That was what made him perfect for the task that he had been set. Michael nodded when she had finished her last sentence, he had noticed when she spoke about the plan her voice had much more spite in it. She turned from the sweet innocent girl she was normally, into a dark disturbing monster who longed to kill and take vengeance on the world which had for so long denied her happiness. Almost as if she had a split personality. He watched as she almost switched back to normal Coraline. Her eyes didn't have the flicker of rage in them no more, instead they seemed calm and content. Her confidence seemed to have dropped as well as her energy level. She was breathing heavy and had become paler in the face. "Sorry about the prep talk to get you going, but I hate him with a passion so I planned this to be carried out In such a way that even if he lived, he would still be in pain." She slowly said biting her lip once more. Michael was surprised she didn't have a hole in it by now, she tended to bite it with such force that it would puncture the pale pink skin and bleed a little. At that point she would lap the little trickle of blood up with her tongue within one swoop it was gone. She did this almost automatically as if programmed to do it. She also -Michael noted- had long nails. Not like the talons of an eagle but fairly long for an average human. He figured she used them as a last line of defence, in case the rest of her tactics failed her when her life depended on them. She leant back against the wall of her bedroom and ran her fingers through her hair before looking at a picture that was framed on the small cluttered windowsill. Michael was curious to who was in the photo frame and who had captured the attention of Coraline. Coraline looked up tears welling and forming her eyes. She turned the frame around so Michael could see. He leaned forwards a bit to see, a redheaded woman holding a smiling baby. He didn't twig on till Coraline told him.

"That was me and my mother when I was a couple of months old, she died when I was seven she ran out of the house when my dad was drunk and shouting at her and got hit by a carâ€¦" She trailed off her eyes had a glow in them. A glow like she was reliving the gruesome moment her mother was hit by the vehicle, hearing the bones crunch and her mothers wailing screams and whimpers as pain flooded through her body. The flashes and sirens as an ambulance raced against time to save her life. The futile attempts that failed so miserably. Michaels stomach knotted and he felt a feeling he had never felt before. It made him want to cry almost, reach out and hug the sobbing tortured soul that was sat before him. It made him want to rip his heart out so he couldn't feel this awful emotion no more. He didn't miss having emotions he hated feeling sad or angry. He hated his emotions and this wasn't a time for them to flare up for no reason. But then it hit him. The reason Coraline was different. He could relate to her and her past. For his past was not much different to hers, the feeling of murder swelling up inside, the feeling of abuse and neglect. The feeling of been unloved. He raised his hand and hovered just above her shoulder, he was debating whether to touch her or not. What would happen if he did? He hadn't had much human contact

for such a long time, he couldn't even remember that far back, when the contact wasn't him strangling or grabbing the person. \_Go on Michael she's upset, this could be your one and only chance to find someone like you who can understand you and your been a whimp. Do it!. \_His mind screamed at him. He instantly put his hand down and breathed in sharply awaiting her reaction. Coraline turned around her cheeks soaked with the tears that had run down. She smiled and put her hand on his."Thank you Michael." She softly said placing her head down on his hand. Michael put both arms slowly around her, so he was protecting her from the outside world. This was his new friend and no one was going to hurt her. She nuzzled into his chest and began to fall asleep. Michael looked down and held her tighter as her eyes drooped. He looked to the door, keeping watch. Protecting her.

\_Michael what have you got yourself into, don't get to attached. He thought, but looking back down at Coraline he figured that was going to be easier said then done. Imagine people for a minute, a small teenage girl on the breech of adulthood been embraced by a maniac who's going to kill her farther. Weird and worrying to us but to them it would be perfect. Michael had had seldom few moments of perfection like this. That's when he heard the door creak open and a thin ray of light from the landing spill in. He placed Coraline down on the bed and grabbed the nearby knife. Whoever it was ruined a perfect moment and he wasn't going to let them get away with it. \_

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*Authors note.\*\*

\*\*Thank you so much to everyone who has faved and reviewed my story. You have no idea how much it means. \*\*

Michaels eyes darted to the door as the drunk man stumbled into Coraline's room. A smell filled the room with the most unpleasant combination of sweat, liquor and the faint essence of vomit. Michael ignored the smell as much as he could. He needed to protect Coraline. He clutched the knife hard and skulked keeping well in the shadows. He had put a quick plan together. The fact the intruder was drunk, made his plan seem easier to carry out than before. The alcohol will have slowed his senses down, made him clumsy made him walk into a trap he wouldn't have a chance to get out of. That's when Michael recognised the intruder to be Coraline's farther. \_This is your chance Michael. He thought. He breathed In and waited for him to get into the centre of the room. He watched as the walking mound of fat wobbled and staggered into the centre of the room. He seemed out of it a look of wildness in his eyes, that even when shouting at Coraline earlier he didn't have. He was drunk beyond belief.

Something glinted in his hand, Michael thought It was a bottle of some more alcohol to soothe his craving but it wasn't. What kind of bottle had a handle and a blade. He was clutching a large butchers knife. He was going to kill Coraline. The knife would cut her skin with such ease, she wouldn't stand a chance against someone who could use his weight against her. Michael closed the door and the light vanished from the room. He hoped that the madman of a father would stop, he hoped it would grab his attention but it was all in vain. The man carried on approaching the sleeping girl. Her face was angelic as she slept, she thought nothing could hurt her whilst she slept in the comfort of Michaels arms. She trusted him to protect her and he wasn't going to break her trust. He walked a few paces behind the man. Years of practise of not making a single noise came in

useful. He tossed the knife around in between both hands, catching it and letting go off it with such grace. This man thought he was going to get away with it, but he didn't realise that his daughters guardian angel was a psychopathic murderer willing to protect her by any means necessary. The man stopped and breathed heavily before letting out a low sadistic laugh. The one you heard when you entered an old mental hospital. The one from a patient rocking back and forth in his cell bound up. "Your going to die nowâ€|.." He laughed again making sure though he didn't wake his victim. He raised his hand with the knife in it and just when he was about to bring it down, he couldn't something was restraining him. Michael had pounced and was holding his arm tightly, the man struggled and wriggled his eyes filled with fear and he began to hyperventilate. He turned to Michael he was on his knees grovelling. "What you doing? Let go now!" He screamed loudly. His scream woke Coraline up and she bolted upright grabbing a knife from under her pillow and placing its point on the back of her dads balding head. "Morning daddy dear." She spat. The mans eyes closed and he spoke in a low tone. "You set this up you deceitful little bitch!" He screamed again, he tried to turn but Michaels grip tightened around his wrist. Michaels rage was building soon he would get satisfaction for him and Coraline. Then he could save her from this place. He grabbed the knife and slid it over his nose and the wound opened, it sent blood gushing down his cheeks and onto his skin. It added another stain to the collection on his white vest. "Coraline let me go I'm your dad." He pleaded with his sadistic daughter. Not realising that he had turned his once innocent little girl into a demon. He had made her into an animal that craved blood and chaos. "Let me think â€|.. NO" She shouted laughing a little at the end. Michael sniggered and kicked the man in his stomach. His breathing stumbled and some blood trickled out of his mouth, the kick had clearly caused some internal bleeding, only a bit though. But a bit wasn't enough for them both, they wanted to bleed his obese body dry and do the world a favour. "Coraline why are you doing this? What happened to my sweet little angel?" He stuttered, whilst trying to sort his breathing pattern out back into a normal rhythm. Coraline's eyes flashed a warning sign and hatred filled them. She dug the knifes point in deeper but not deep enough for it to pierce the skin and skull. He leant forward and bit. "You did this, you made me into the monstrous thing that I am now. Loathing the world that denied me help when I cried for it the darkest of nights. The world that let you keep me as a child, the world that let my mother die at the hands of you. The world that let you get away with her murder and abuse. I've been waiting for revenge since I was eight and tonight I get my revenge!" She screamed. Her voice was full of pain and suffering that she had had to endure for years. A tear rolled down her face and she closed her eyes.\_

\_She dropped the knife and turned around to face the window. "Michaelâ€|. Kill him." She softly said, she placed her fingers in her ears to block out the dying mans screams and pleads for help. Michael nodded. "Coraline pleâ€|.." The man never got to finish his sentence as Michael repeatedly stabbed him in the stomach with his free hand. The man screamed in pain but that didn't stop him, he carried on. Blood coated the floor and made it seem wet. Then the mans screaming stopped, his breathing as well. Michael tossed him to the side like a rag doll which sent blood fling and splattering all over the place and approached Coraline. His hands were bloody and stained, he sat behind her and put his arms around her embracing her from behind. She put her head back she wasn't bothered about the blood it was warm and a reassuring feeling that her dad was dead.

"Thank you Michael." She smiled before closing her eyes once more. Michael looked out of the window to see nothing in the cold night that lay outside the window. He nudged her and her eyes opened they were no longer filled with the sadness and fear that they once were filled with. Now peaceful and content with her life. Michael pointed to the path and she nodded. "Yes we must leave." Coraline softly said touching Michaels hand with her own. They both turned to look at each others and in that exact moment their eyes met. \_

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*Thanks to everyone who reviewed it means a lot and to all the people who faved and followed. Thank you to queenofscreams your comment made me smile. Just saw it. Well this chapter has taken a while due to working hours and family but here it is enjoy.  
\*\*

Michael and Coraline had left the prison that had held Coraline captive for so many dark years. The walls filled with sorrow and sin, it groaned and creaked under the weight of all the horrors it had witnessed over the years. The insulation in the walls was mixed with secrets never to be known. Coraline stood staring and looking up at the house, her eyes filled with a mixed emotions about leaving it. She touched one of the panelled walls outside. "This is the only life I know." She softly said her voice barley audible over the calm breeze the blew. Michael put his hand on her shoulder, he hoped it would provide comfort and reassurance to his new companion. She turned round and smiled at him before taking out a lighter from her pocket.

"Ready ?" She asked him, he nodded and began to back off from the house. They had scattered all of her fathers alcohol around the house and in the hall way. The spirits he for so long had burrowed his head in and used to try and forget his problems, would soon engulf his limp lifeless body in flames. Covering the evidence up of his brutal but yet somewhat fair murder. She had taken little from her room and shoved what she needed in her little blue backpack. She lit the lighter and placed it on the trail of Alcohol. It caught and ignited the fire. It would soon spread through the whole house. Michael was down at the bottom of her hill now awaiting Coraline. He could see the orange ominous glow at the top of the hill and could here the faint sound of crackles as the fire was spreading and burning. Then she appeared. He saw her running down the hill, more than a normal run. She was running like her life depended on it, she ran like a rabbit trying to escape the jaws of a fox. She ran past Michael in what seemed a blur, as she did she grabbed his hand and pulled him along behind her. He didn't often run but he felt there was need to do so. He looked back to see the fire had started and had engulfed all the house. He watched as Coraline ran to a fence and leaped over it. Beyond the fence was the dark wood he had first laid eyes on her in. "COME ON! The cops will be here soon and we cant be caught!" She yelled. Michael followed her jumping over the fence and chasing after her. They both ran like wild wolves through the Alaskan snow. Coraline seemed to be more at home in the woods than in her own home. Well what was her own home. Coraline suddenly just stopped though. Michael looked around to see nothing. He looked at her and watched as she began to breath heavy. "Michael I cant keep this up all night, were will we go? We cant exactly get the bus?" She briskly said brushing her hair back. The wind had picked up and was tearing

through the woods, not sparing them two from the harshness of its winds. The clouds would soon open and the rain would soon start to pour down soaking them both to the bone. They wouldn't last long at this rate. If the winds didn't find them then the police would, Michael would be carted back to the Mental hospital and Coraline he didn't want to think what would happen to her. That's when the sound echoed through the woods. That joyful sound that would soon once Michael executed his plan would turn into a much better sounding one. Coraline's frown turned into an evil sly grin that spread like wildfire across her face. She had heard it as well. "Should we?" She asked smiling so wickedly, her smile and those eyes that seemed to burn with excitement made Michaels body tingle a little. The longer he stared into them the more he could feel some sort of tension build up. He broke the contact and smiled under his mask. The wind had died down and now there was just a gentle breeze the rain seemed to be holding back as well. Like for once god was on his and hers side. The sound got louder and they could hear more of it. Laughter of a group of teenagers. There was music playing loudly and the low sound of an engine. This was perfect. Michael watched as Coraline grabbed her knife from her back pocket and tossed it to Michael, she reached into her rucksack and grabbed another. She smiled and cocked her head.

"Shall we chop till we drop?" She sniggered. Michael smiled again. She was ruthless well she gave off the impression she was. Cold hearted, no consciences that's what made her a perfect compatibility with Michael. They both skulked towards the sound and soon light began to shine. They we're getting closer. The closer the got the more excited Coraline became. This was it she was going to kill and murder just like she had longed for since she was young. It had always been her secret obsession its why she loved to hunt. It was herâ€œ guilty pleasure. They both hid in the shadowy denseness of the trees waiting for their moment to strike. They both thought up their plans, there was about four teenagers sat around a small camp fire with an old battered pickup truck behind them. Two tents lined up next to each over. Obvious a summer camping trip. All their eyes seemed to beam with excitement and happiness with their summer venture but it wouldn't be a happy ending. "Ready Michael?" She asked enthusiastically. Michael nodded and that's when they struck. A blood bath to be rememberedâ€œ...

## 7. Chapter 7

Michael could feel his pulse racing. His adrenaline levels high. Higher than they had ever been before. He was getting excited at the plan him and Coraline were going to unleash on the unsuspecting campers. He caught a quick glimpse of Coraline before she readied herself for her big entrance. She smiled before stumbling into the clearing. Michael leant back against the tree it was going to be a while before it was his cue to enter, so instead decided to sit back and watch the show. He fixated his eyes on the scene unfolding and smiled a twisted smile soon him and Coraline would be slaughtering them all together.

The campers looked up at the girl. She looked scared, mad and wild like she had been running from something. Coraline looked up at the bunch of campers. There was no more than five which made this an easy job for her and Michael. Her palms were getting sweaty and she became uncomfortable as their eyes were all fixated on her. "Are you ok?"

One of the girls asked. Coraline shuddered at her appearance. Bleach blonde peroxide hair that looked ready to fall out. Wearing short shorts and a crop top she appeared to be up for it even though her age begged to differ. "Yeah I'm fine it's just some girls at my school invited me to their camping trip, but when I got here it turns out they stood me up. I've been wandering around for the past hour not been able to find my way out." she blurted out quickly. She didn't want to forget the story they had created and defiantly didn't want to improvise. "You poor thing!" The girl next to her squealed. She was verging on been a carbon copy of the first girl who had spoke to her. She was in a group of Jocks and cheerleaders. Something she felt uncomfortable with. She found it funny how she would prefer the company of a sadistic murderer to that of normalish people her own age. But maybe it was because Michael was understanding and protecting, she felt safe around him and a lot more relaxed something she didn't feel at the moment.

Eventually after about half an hour she had gotten to know the group. Even though they thought they had bonded with her she in fact was even more distanced from them. She had learned their names, their ages what school they attended and even got the two girls numbers. The ginger haired guy with shaggy hair was called Jarred, the guy with the brown hair was called Kane and the final guy was called Callum. The two girls were called Paris and Katlin. When she Heard her say "That's Katlin with a K." She grimaced and cringed. She hated that name for no reason. Maybe it was the way she said Katlin. Now they were just sat around the campfire talking about random stuff that didn't matter. The guys swigging can after can of beer whilst the girls giggled in delight at them. It was strange to Coraline that this was normal for people her age, yeah she knew walking around woods and hunting was strange and not what teenagers her age did. But she never thought this was what they all did on a Saturday night. She sighed a little before peering threw the thick bushes and trees to see if she could Spot Michael, hoping the site of him brought her comfort but she had no such luck. "What you looking for?" Paris asked her running her heavily tanned finger threw her dead hair. Coraline snapped out of looking for Michael and looked at the group once more their eyes filled with curiosity. Coraline opened her mouth to tell a lie she had quickly formulated but was interrupted by Callum.

" Probably For Michael Myers." he chuckled deeply. Michael who was drifting off to sleep woke up to the sound of his name and moved in a little closer to hear better. He saw Coraline's eyes light up at the sound of his name and smiled. "That psycho who killed his sister?" Katlin asked grabbing Paris's hand. Coraline shook her head at the sight not wanting to ask. "Yeah and the rest complete nut-job apparently according to my old man has a thing against underage sex, I mean he killed his sister after having it and some more of his victims." Callum continued walking over to Paris and Katlin, they both made room for him to sit in-between them both. Coraline blushed a little at the thought of Michael been against sex, she wasn't the only who was blushing as in behind the trees and bushes Michael too was blushing. He had never thought of it that way but the guy who said it did have a point. "Silly freak should be shot when they catch him." Katlin giggled. Coraline stood up and bunched her fists. "DON'T SAY THAT!" She shouted. They all looked at her shocked that she had reacted the way she did, even Michael was shocked at the fact she was defending him. In the end he wasn't worth defending in his opinion. "How dare you say that. Yeah he's done bad thingsâ|. In fact horrific things to people but there is always two sides to a story.

You don't know what could have been going through his head." She spat. Hatred burned inside her for the teenagers who mocked her saviour. Michael felt himself blush under his mask and smiled, he was beginning to guess that she in some way's deep down liked him in more than one way. He blushed a little as some feelings stirred for her as well, she looked truly menacing as she glowed in the dim light of the fire, psychotic and evil. Something that time had helped to create, time and hatred projected at her. Just like himself.

Coraline felt her spine crash against the tree as Kane pushed her. She looked up at him her eyes burning in the light. She had attempted to attack Paris after she taunted her, but Kane quickly intervened and struck her. She bundled herself into a little ball trying to ease the sharp stabbing pains in her abdomen. That's when she felt her eyes slowly close, all she could hear coming ever closer to her was the sounds of foot steps. Then it all went black.

## 8. Chapter 8

Coraline awoke. She was now in the back of what seemed a car. Her sides and whole body ached from the collision with the tree and her head felt light. It was still fairly dark outside and the only light that helped her see was the moon and stars shining brightly above her. She didn't know how long she had been out cold for, but from what she guessed it hadn't been long. She sat up groggily even though her body begged her to leave it till later, but she had to find out what had happened and better still where Michael was. She soon realised after regaining full brain capacity that the vehicle in which she was lain in wasn't moving. She looked out of one of the windows to see nothing, she then peered out of the other again seeing no sign of Michael. Just some trees and vegetation. She began to panic once more, dreading the fact she was alone and also the fact that Michael had left her something she didn't want to happen. Her stomach began to know. But then she caught sight of him in the window screen, sat perched on the car bonnet was none other than himself. Hope regained and the knot untwisted giving her back her sense of friendship and trust. She opened the car door nearest her with haste and quickly jumped out slamming it behind her. She felt dizzy and light headed at first, she felt like she was about to collapse but fought this feeling and perused on her quest to get to Michael who had turned around at the sound of the slamming door.

Seeing the state his friend was in filled him with concern and he hopped off the bonnet and dashed over to her worrying in case she fell. Once he had reached her wrapped a powerful arm around her shielding her from the world. She looked up at him and smiled starting deep into his eyes, this time it was a comfortable stare and it seemed none of them wanted to break contact. It was only broken when the two realised they were getting ever so close to each other that they looked away awkwardly. Michael didn't know what had gotten into him recently, saving a girl and helping her and now getting close to her not only Emotionally but physically. It was hypocritical to say the least. For so long he had avoided human contact, often killing teenagers before they engaged in intercourse and here he was getting so close to a member of the opposite sex that he could practically feel her breath on his exposed skin. He didn't however try and stop himself getting close, the person who turned away first was Coraline. Then again like him she didn't come across as someone who came into these situations often. He had his arm still firmly

around her shoulders, her face was now buried into his arm as if she was hiding her face. He gently cupped it and moved it to face him. He could now see the reason for her hiding, her face had blushed bright red and she didn't seem happiest in the slightest. He himself could feel his cheeks getting red but luckily she couldn't see it because of his mask. An almost upside for wearing it.

He chuckled lowly at the sight of her blushing and her smile turned into a grin and she started to giggle. He paused laughing for a moment so he could savour the moment. Before continuing chuckling. When they had run out of laughs, Coraline playfully punched his free arm. "You're a dick you know that?" She smiled rubbing her left arm. He took slight offence to the term she used but realised she meant no harm with it.

"Leaving me alone in that carâ€|. I thought you leftâ€| just like the othersâ€|." She softly said looking at the floor once more. Michael stared at her shocked that she thought that, but who could blame her if everyone in her life seemed to either leave or be abusive. He felt his heart skip a beat when she showed concern and despair at the thought of him leaving her. He was beginning to gather evidence for the theory that she had a slight "crush" on him. He had to admit though to himself, for a girl she wasn't half bad. But he kept asking himself, Was it wrong of him to think that? It wasn't the age for him as there was a few years between them no it was the fact, He thought to himself as a evil psychotic killer nearly twice her size he could easily overpower her or hurt her. But he also thought maybe she liked that. Maybe she liked the way he was the sense of danger and rush she got off been around him. He had heard of people like that who got a thrill from been with a "Badboy" As the term was coined. Michael didn't think of himself as a "Badboy" though more of a Psychopathic killer but he guessed it was a more advanced version of the so called "Badboy." Forget about Coraline's head spinning Michaels was going crazy with thoughts and feelings. It was like puberty had finally hit him in some ways. Yes his voice had dropped and all that jazz but the hormones that made him fancy or even look at members of the opposite sex in a certain way never did fully surface. In fact they never did.

Michael grabbed her hand and tugged it. Coraline looked up confused with what he could want to see him pulling her to the front of the car. She hadn't noticed but Michael had parked on a overhead ledge but she couldn't fully see what it was looking over. The air was still warm and gave off a romantic atmosphere to Coraline who in many books, films and television shows had seen the corny date seen. In which on a warm summers evening a young couple would drive up to a ledge overlooking something deep in the woods and make out. She blushed again imagining that scene but with her and Michael. It was a weird thought but yet enjoyable, but weird it was and she decided to push it to the back of her mind but not completely out of it. When she finally managed to see over the dusty ledge she saw a sight that she would never forget in her whole life.

It was overlooking a city. All the beautiful lights of the skyscrapers glittering and glistening it was breathtaking. It made her forget all the questions that she wanted to ask Michael about the teenagers and what happened and instead made her feel free and special to be witnessing something so simple but yet so magical. She felt something grip her hand and looked down to see Michaels huge one engulfing her own small one. She smiled before looking up at his

masked face. She wondered so greatly what he looked like underneath his mask, but finding out would take the air of mystery away from him. She didn't want to do that yet. Instead she was content with this perfect moment. She felt like nothing not even god himself could ruin it. She slid back and sat on the bonnet to which Michael followed. After arranging themselves they were soon sat as far back as they could go on the car legs resting comfortably on the bonnet. Coraline's head was resting on Michael chest and he had wrapped his arms around her. Protecting her and also secretly embracing her. She didn't mind this in fact she was happy to be in this position. They both knew friends didn't tend to do this, it was more a of a "couple" thing to do. But neither of them cared. They were happy and that was all that mattered.

He knew she shouldn't but he thought more about them leaning in closer and realised he was close to having his first kiss. He blushed and gulped about it and was also disappointed that he didn't take advantage of it. He looked at her and felt the urge to press his lips against hers but how does one go about saying or even suggesting it. But he wasn't alone on that thought Coraline was too thinking about it and longing to feel his lips against hers. She hadn't had a boyfriend and didn't seem to know what to do. But she did like Michael it was clear to her now, it was also clear that he liked her to in some ways or another. She wanted to ask him plead with him to tell her his feelings towards her, but she just couldn't find the courage. A simple prod in the arm from Michael jolted her attention back to reality. He had picked up the mini whiteboard from beside him and had scribbled on it. Coraline squinted and read the lettering.

\_You know earlier on when we leaned in well we never finished what we startedâ€¦\_. It read. Coraline blushed bright red, but she knew deep down Michael was blushing a fair brighter shade of red under his mask than her. They both faced each other and began to lean in, Michaels arms wrapped around her shoulders and hers around his arms. A tangle of limbs as they leaned in ever closer. She paused for a moment looking at his mask before quickly leaning into where his ear was. "I think you need to make some adjustments to your mask." She softly whispered in his ear before returning to her old position. Her warm breath tickled his ear and made him warm. He fiddled with his mask after a short period of thinking making his mouth just visible. His breathing had gotten heavier just had hers as they got even more closer. Coraline saw a scar on the soft looking skin near his mouth, his lips looked chapped but yet so inviting and tempting her to sin. He placed his hand on her cheek and brought her closer quicker, their lips millimetres apart them both shivering violently. When contact was madeâ€¦\_

## 9. Chapter 9

Michael pulled away from Coraline his heart pounding. He didn't know what he had just done. All he could tell was he had done something wrong, committed an act worse than murder. He felt funny inside and a knot had tied itself inside his stomach. He felt guilty and regretted kissing her. He had allowed himself to care too much about this girl, she would soon have a hold on him and he wouldn't be able to break it. He was stuck in between doing what his brain told him which was to drive his knife into her heart and stop her from continuing, or doing what his heart said which was to love her and care for her.

Both arguing with each other and fighting for control. An owl cooed in the background and some fog had rolled in giving it an eerie and unsettling feeling. Coraline shivered a little and smiled at Michael. She felt content with what had happened fore she couldn't deny it she did have deep feelings for him and kissing him was something she had hoped would happen. Michael looked at her childish smile and in a way it helped his heart to overthrow his brain. He couldn't even believe that he even thought about killing her. She was special and different. Someone he knew he had to treasure and something he would.

He leant in and kissed her cheek once more before returning to looking at the illuminated city that lay before him. Coraline smiled and sighed a sigh that was not of annoyance but one of happiness.

"I'm going to get some sleep Michael." She yawned before pulling his mask back down so it once more covered . He smiled once it was replaced and punched her playfully in the arm too which she turned around and scowled at him before rubbing the spot he had struck her. He bit his lip and tried to restrain himself from laughing at how adorable she looked when she was angry. He was concentrating on not laughing too much that he didn't notice that Coraline punched his arm twice as hard as he did to her. He didn't mean for it to happen but his instincts and reactions tied in together made him do it. He launched at her and put his hands on her small neck he applied some pressure but not enough to crush her windpipe. He had his full weight on top of her, her head hanging off the end of the bonnet. He watched as a silver teardrop trickled down her face and she began to whimper. He began to breath heavy and started easing the pressure off her neck to which she turned her head to the side and slid off the bonnet slumping to the ground. He watched mortified as she curled up into a ball as if she was shielding herself from him. He could hear her sob and it felt like a million knives been rammed into his heart.

He looked at his hands and began to shake as he saw them. He felt a tear roll down his cheek knowing he had blown his chances with her. She was probably petrified of him. He would never forgive himself for the act he had just done. He had tried to kill her. The girl who understood him, the girl who wasn't scared of him and the girl he loved. The cold air had set in and gave off a depressing atmosphere, which Michael had to agree was the perfect feeling and atmosphere for this moment. They sat in stone cold silence the only thing that broke it was the occasional sob from Coraline or the sound of a car passing by. He had to think of how to make it up to her. He had turned into a monster again just like her dad. He shivered at the thought and felt enraged that he let himself become that beast. He wasn't anything like her dad, he loved her and he wanted to keep her safe.

But that's when it struck him. The one thing that could make it up to her is something she probably had not heard someone say to her in a long time. He slid off the bonnet and skulked towards her tapping her shoulder gently. She looked up tears staining her face her eyes puffy and red. He gulped and coughed as he looked into her eyes."What do you want?" She snapped. She sounded like she hated him which Michael in all honesty had to agree with her. He hated himself at this moment in time, but hopefully this would make it up to her. He sat down next to her still keeping eye contact with her. He cleared his throat and moved in and moved his mask again so his mouth was exposed. He got to her ear and breathed on it a little. He could feel her shiver as the breath tickled her and travelled through her whole body. He smirked a little before continuing his plan."Coraline I love you." He softly

and slowly said his voice husky and deep. He smiled as he imagined her reaction. He moved around to see her face smiling now her frown had disappeared and it now appeared that it had never been there in the first place.

"I love you too Michael." She softly said moving into his arms. He wrapped them around her tightly and possessively before she nuzzled her head deep into his chest.

## 10. Chapter 10

\*\*Authors note: Okay guys sorry it's been such a long time but well I've been a little under the weather and have had block. But I'm back now so the stories shall continue! Thank you for all the support by the way, you guys don't know how much it means by reviewing and following my stories. Thank you! - Kingofslasher.\*\*

Coraline woke up in the back of the car. It was pitch black once more and she could see the faint outline of Michael sat slumped in the drivers seat. She must have been dreaming the night before about the kiss, him speaking and the happiness she had felt during it all. Even when she was scared she was still slightly happy to be with someone who in his own sadistic way cared for her. She groaned slightly before sitting up groggily. It had all been a dream. She was rather disappointed though, which made her wonder; Am I falling in love with a sadistic psychopath? She asked herself. She didn't know the answer as her brain would probably say no and deny it, trying to cover up the fact that she was able to love someone like that. But her heart would have different ideas and scream something else at her, whether it be the truth or not it would argue against her brain. She clasped her hands firmly on her head before tucking her knees closer towards her. It was rather cold and the air nipped her skin sending shudders down her spine. She wanted to wake him up and talk to him and blurt out her feelings like a river. But figured that that would be an awfully bad idea. Freaking out a killer like Michael was the last thing on her mind. Instead she sat their in boredom waiting for him to wake up from his sleep (If he ever managed too.). She delved deeper into the thought of Michael and every time she thought of him, it sent a weird rippling feeling through the pit of her stomach.

She didn't like the feeling at first. But soon got used to it and relished the thought of it. She wanted to confess badly to Michael about how she would give up her sanity gladly to be with him. She wanted him to protect her, as for the first time in years she had felt safe, loved and cherished by someone. Even if that person was mentally unstable and a wanted killer. It proved the saying "Never judge a book by its cover." It was true and he had proved the rest of the world wrong. If they were caught she would argue his case and plead with them in the hope of saving him. She didn't know why she was thinking this though, was it out of love? Or gratitude for him saving and helping her? Or could it be sympathy for him? She didn't know. But one thing she was certain of was that she enjoyed the time they spent together and hoped he wouldn't be taken away from her.

She glanced over at him in the drivers seat it had got a lot more lighter and she figured it must have been dawn. He looked almost peaceful and harmless in this state. She did wonder though what his

face was underneath the mask and the façade of the mental killer. She knew he was just a helpless man who wanted someone to love him, something she could do and wanted to do. That's when she accepted it. She was in love with Michael Myers. It wasn't the usual stereotypical teenage love. Oh no. It was much more darker and sadistic than the teenagers in love stereotype. She was willing to kill for him and obey his every word and command. She had put trust in him and he had saved her from a life of pain and misery. She owed him this at the least. She manoeuvred herself into the passengers seat. She was aiming to be as quiet as the grave but instead was as loud as a bull in a china shop. She hit her head twice on the roof and cursed loudly not remembering that Michael was a few inches away from her.

She had hoped it didn't wake him up. Her hope had failed as he was soon awake very quickly. He looked over to see Coraline trying to sit down in the front seat. Under his mask he raised an eyebrow wondering what the hell she was doing. He never thought a girl would try and willingly get close to him. He was on his guard in case she tried something, but remembered she was no threat but instead a friend. He grabbed the whiteboard and scribbled something down.

\_What are you doing? \_It read. Coraline noticed it and smiled before leaning in and wrapping her arms around his neck. "I was really cold back there and slightly frightened." She softly said placing her head on his chest. It was awkward due to the limited space and the parts of the car in the front. But she was happy to see Michael slowly wrap an arm around her, she nuzzled into his chest further and soon felt herself drifting off to sleep.

## 11. Chapter 11

\*\*Authors note: Right then people I have a few surprises coming up in the next two chapters. After a long hard think I know what is going to happen next. In this chapter there will be a lot more gore and well a lot more emotion and depth and cough other things so WARNING! Hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing this chapter! Thank you for all the reviews, follows and favs! You guys fuel my imagination. \*\*

The car stopped with a halt. Coraline was shook awake and glared up at Michael who had interrupted the lovely dream she was having. It was weirdly realistic, it was her and him sitting on a small boating pier in summer and he was just about to take off his mask. Oh how she wanted to rip his mask off and see what his flesh under it looked like. She wanted to so badly to be his, not caring about the age gap or how mental she would have sounded if she told anyone. Most people would run screaming from him terror in their eyes and adrenaline coursing through their veins. But she would run into his arms and run towards danger. She hoped deep down that he had feelings towards her and that one day the dreams she had been having all came true. She bit her lip hard looking up at him. God he was tall and well built. Perfect in everyway. The engine sound stopped and soon there was silence, Michael peered over to her and raised an eyebrow under his mask. \_Why the hell is she biting her lip. \_He thought to himself. He remembered vaguely seeing this somewhere before but where was the question. He thought back to the night when he killed his sister and remembered that whenever her idiot of a boyfriend came over she would bite her lip before they sinned.

Michael looked into Coraline's eyes and smirked a little. She had a crush on him. He was a little shocked and disappointed it had taken him so long to figure out. Tagging along with him, hugging him and always staring at him. He could feel the blush fill his whole face and was happy that Coraline could not see. \_Dam now that I think about it, she isn't that bad looking. Best looking girl I've ever seen and that mind of hers. \_He bit his lip before feeling a hand creep onto his leg, it snapped him out of his train of thought and he peered down to see a fine pale hand on his leg he looked up to see Coraline's eyes burning into him. Worry filled them but how they glinted as the moon shone in through the window screen. "Michael you okay?" She asked. Michael didn't know what to say or do. He scrambled around looking for the whiteboard and pen before scribbling quickly.\_I'm fine Cory don't worry about me \_It read. Coraline had to squint to read it due to the pace of Michael writing it was rather messy and looked like a drunk spider had fallen in ink and had done the conga around the board. She smiled before jumping as the sound of a trashcan falling to the ground disturbed them. Michael dropped the board and grabbed his knife from down the side of the chair. He signalled her to stay In the car, Coraline who was still slightly scared from the noise just nodded and sunk further down into the chair as if trying to hide. Michael stepped out of the car and shut the door with a slam, before skulking his way down the alleyway in which they were parked.

A light came on as he walked past a door with the dim sound of club music playing. He could hear voices getting louder and jumped quickly back into the little slither of shadows behind him clutching his knife tighter. He looked back towards the car to make sure no one was going near it. Why did he protect Coraline and spare her life? he had asked himself previously. But it had just started to make sense now, he loved her and wanted her. The way his sisters boyfriend loved his sister, the way those many teenagers he had killed loved each other. Love was a feeling that had laid dormant in him like a volcano. But now since meeting this beautiful understanding girl it had become active and was ready to erupt with feelings. He was brimming from the seam wanting to tell her how he felt, he wanted to utter the words from his mouth and whisper into her ears and make her blush. Age was just a number. He had already broke countless laws before what would one more matter to him? After this he knew what he would do. If she resisted however and his instincts and suspicions were wrong and she didn't feel the same, well she would have little choice but to accept him.

He looked back to see a fat man had appeared standing outside the door on his mobile talking loudly. "Yeah whatever Bitch. I don't know what time I'll be homeâ€¦ No I'm at workâ€¦ Yeah well Candice is a liar. You know I don't go to clubs." The man snapped and growled down the phone, sounding harsh towards the woman who sounded like his wife or girlfriend. Michael ignored the man hoped he would vanish back into the club, but his hopes were soon dashed when he heard the sound of a bang come from the car. He darted his gaze over and his heart froze in fear as the man had also looked over and was now smiling a sadistic smile."Got to go darling talk soon." He smiled slowly snapping the flip phone shut before placing it in his pocket as he strode towards the car. Michael knew this was serious and stalked him in the shadows avoiding stepping out into the light, avoiding it like the plague. He got as far as he could go and figured if he tried anything on he could dart out and deal with it quickly as it wasn't too far away. He heard the sound of the door flinging open and a

squeal from Coraline but the sounds soon became muffled. He heard the door slam and watched in horror as the man dragged her round to the back of the car before looking around to make sure no one could see. He had his hand on her mouth

The man greedily stared at Coraline before ripping her hoodie off of her exposing her flesh to the cold air of the night. She was only in a thin tank top. Michael couldn't help but blush once more staring at her body, it was the first time he had seen her body, she must have been changing in the car when she made the bang. He could feel something else well up inside of him as his eyes traced down on to her chest, she was developed fully and puberty had been kind to her. She always wore baggy clothing around him since their escape and at the beginning he didn't really notice and was far too content and preoccupied with following her. The man wolf whistled lowly.

"Aren't you a beauty." The man chuckled. Michael watched as the man let go of her mouth and moved down to her wrists as he pushed her against the car trapping and restraining her.

"And aren't you a fat bastard!" She snarled spitting at him slightly. Michael chuckled and sat back a little wanting to see what she could do. The mans eyes didn't fill with rage and he just laughed at her wiping the spit from his face.

"Aww Little lady aren't you. Well then since your such a charmer I'm going to give you somethingâ€¦ A surprise just for you." He sniggered as he removed his belt. Michael watched as Coraline's eyes filled with fear and she began to wriggle under his weight. She kicked out and managed to knock him down and away from her.

She turned to run in Michaels direction jumping over him, only to have ankle grabbed by the man. She fell to the floor with a crash and smacked her face against the hard concrete floor. She screamed in pain, which made the man tighten his grip on her ankle making her yelp more in pain. "Scream one more time and resist and I'll cut your little throat you slut." He snapped pulling her towards him. Michael decided enough was enough and he should get his hands off of her. He leapt from the Shadows as silent as the grave. The man wouldn't have noticed him if he didn't catch sight of him out of the corner of his eye. Michael kept his knife behind his back and watched as the mans eyes filled with slight fear. "Push off can't you see me and the girl are busy and if your looking for the costume party it's in there." He snarled trying to act cocky as he pointed with his free hand to the club door. He was slightly worried that he had seen everything but soon shrugged it off as he would have acted sooner. He manpowered his free hand up Coraline's denim clad legs. Her black skinny jeans tight fighting and his grip restricted her movement. Coraline looked up tears in her eyes with a little gash on her face from her collision with the pavement triggered Michael 's anger. He was going to kill his bastard. The man looked up when he noticed the stranger with the mask on and blue suit hadn't moved. "I said push off." He snarled again. Michael got a better look at the scum that had Coraline cornered. He was fat with ginger greasy hair. His face heavy with sweat and grease mixed together, the classic fat idiot that didn't deserve to live. "Get your greasy hands off of her now." Michael said in a deep voice. Coraline looked up and smiled at the sound of his voice it comforted her in a weird way. \_Dam he has a sexy voice. \_She thought making her blush.

Michael had distracted the man and for a moment had loosened his grip. Coraline took this opportunity and pried her leg free before kicking him hard in the face breaking his nose and sending blood splattering everywhere. She stumbled to her feet and sprinted back to the car. Michael stepped forward to the man who was rolling around in pain as crimson blood sprayed out of his nose even though he had clamped his podgy hand over it. He looked up at Michael and also stumbled to his feet. He let go of his nose and flung a punch at Michael which contacted him. Dam he is fast. Michael thought. He dodged his next two blows by moving back until he felt a cold slimy hard wall behind him. He had backed him into a corner. Michael raised his knife but the Man grabbed his wrists and soon the two were locked in a battle for dominance and power. The man wasn't as strong as Michael but he kept kneeing him the gut when Michael overpowered him. Michael was about to give him a taste of his own medicine when blood sprayed onto his mask from the mans mouth. The man screamed slightly as his hands loosened on Michaels wrists and he fell to the floor. Michael watched as the man fell to the floor and noticed a huge gash from his neck to his lower back, he peered up to see Coraline covered in blood clutching her hunting knife. She kicked the dying man he moaned in pain before spitting on him. Her eyes glowed sadistically as she walked on the dying mans legs towards Michael. Blood of her own and the mans covered her face and coated her pale skin and white tank top.

Michaels eyes once more found her chest and she blushed slightly before smiling pressing her body against his. She does look good coated in blood. Michael smiled under his mask. He could feel that feeling creep back into his body. He found that his hand and found it's way to her waist pulling her in closer feeling her warmth. The man had ripped his suit slightly and part of his abs were exposed. He could feel her thin fingers outline them and she giggled before raising her hands to his mask and pulling it up and exposing his mouth. A scar was in the corner and it made her smile. Her pale fingers traced the outline of his mouth making him shudder a little, before she sent her lips crashing onto his. His cold lips contrasted with her warm ones and it sent a wave of pleasure down him. He found his hands running up and down her spinal cord. Her hands were tugging at his mask and he felt the cold sting of the nights air hit him as she removed it fully tossing it to the side. He didn't care very much as it was just the two of them and the dying man who made the occasional moan as he was left to die and witness the scene.

Coraline tugged her fingers through his black shaggy hair not opening her eyes. His tongue tried to gain entrance to her mouth, to which she would have let him but she was dying to breath. She broke apart and opened her eyes gasping for air. "Let me put my mask back on Cory." Michael pleaded in his deep voice. He was also raspy and gasping for air. Coraline nodded. "Sureâ€¦ You're a really good kisser." She exclaimed which made Michael laugh a little. "I don't know why you're my first and I'm pretty sure my last." He purred. Coraline blushed before giggling. "Same here Michael same here." She agreed with him. Glad her dream had come true, even though it did involve a fat grease ball trying it on with her.

\*\*Authors note: So sorry about the length. Once I started I couldn't stop. Hope you enjoyed and stay turned for the next chapter! - Kingofslasher. \*\*

## 12. Chapter 12

\*\*Authors note: Hello there readers from far and wide, I am back and it is to stay! I've had some personal issues to deal with and subsequently I lost my laptop which was a shared one with me and my ex-girlfriend. Well she left me took it and well I have only just managed to get a new one, so more updates coming soon. Hope you enjoy this chapter.\*\*

Coraline stood staring at Michael, how she longed to see his full face underneath that mask of his. How she wanted to see all of his features and map them out with her delicate fingers, how she wanted to be his. She had always told herself that she would never get to be happy and would never get anything she wanted; but with Michael she had the feeling it was Different. Something was different between her wanting him and her wanting other things. The first was it seemed like he wanted her too, why else would he have killed her dad, those teenagers that greasy dirt bag and kissed her? She bit her lip imagining her and him settling down to a life of hostility and sadistic killings, not many girls her age wanted a life like that; but to Coraline it was perfect. \_It may not be the man you would approve of mum; but Michaels looking after me. \_She thought to herself, she did wonder what her mother would think of him and how the world would react to them if they did ever have a relationship. The thought of them being together made her weak at the knees and she had to fight a blush back from appearing across her face.

Michael inhaled sharply; he didn't like the awkward silence that had fallen between the two of them. \_Have I done something wrong? Maybe the kiss wasn't good enough? \_Michael wondered to himself. He hoped he hadn't upset her, she was turning out to be probably the best decision he had ever made. He was glad he had followed her and decided not to kill her, the feel of her kissing him and the thought of her being his was far better than the feeling of killing her. Now that he thought about it, she was his and no other man could have her. He would kill anyone who got in the way and tried to get close to her. She was his.

>"Corey, we should get going." He slowly said breaking the silence. He winced a little as he moved to grab her hand, the fat bastard had injured him and it was bleeding a little. Coraline looked up and nodded, her eyes filled with concern when she spotted the wound down on his abdomen.<br>"Michael, Your hurt!" She exclaimed bending down to examine the wound, her warm breath tickled his exposed skin and he shuddered a little. It had warmed up a fair bit and it looked set to be a scorching night. Michael lowered his hands and tangled his fingers up in Coraline's ebony locks, they felt soft to the touch and he felt safe.

"It's not too deep by the looks of things; but you are in no state to drive." She slowly said, she looked up at him her eyes pleading with him to take her advice.

"Whatever you say Corey; should we go back to the car?" He asked her to which Corey shook her head.

>"No, too risky. If you can try and climb up this fire escape, by the looks of things these flats are abandoned. Pull off some of the boards and climb in; I'll be back in a minute." She ordered, Michael raised an eyebrow before smirking. <em>Okay Miss Bossy boots. But in this relationship I'm in charge. <em>He smiled; he didn't care if she

didn't class it as a relationship to him it was.

>"Okay; but if anything bad happens you'll shout for me okay?" He asked her, he didn't want her to be going wherever she was going at this time of night unescorted, she nodded and ushered him towards the ladders. <p>

As he jumped up he looked back once perched on the first step, he watched as Coraline darted into the shadows once more and skulked back to the car. He smiled to himself and continued to climb up the cold metal ladders, each new step he took and movement he made sent searing pain up through his body. He ignored it not caring and in fact enjoying it more than anything, he had become so used to pain that it eventually became almost pleasurable. He stopped and jumped off the Ladders landing down on one of the balconies, he peered back down to see Coraline was opening the car doors. For a moment he panicked that she was doing a runner on him and it infuriated him; but the rage soon passed when he saw her emerge with her backpack and a small green case. He turned around content with knowing that she was grabbing things and started to try and pry the wooden boards off of the windows. Coraline had been right about the building being abandoned and it filled him with comfort knowing they wouldn't be on the run tonight and sleeping a car. He pulled two of them off and managed to squeeze in. He would have to try and disguise the hole so that no one could see that it had been disturbed.

The room was dark and he could barely see the only dim source of light from the opening he had made. He decided to stand and wait for Coraline and see if she had a lighter or something that gave off light. It felt like a lifetime whilst waiting for her in the dark, each noise from outside casted his gaze towards the window, only to be met by nothingness. When he was starting to give up hope of her returning she eventually appeared at the opening, he could faintly make out that her backpack was bulging and she struggled to clamber through with it on. He stepped forward and took it off of her and placed it on the floor, she slithered through the opening and leant back out grabbing the wooden planks. She carefully placed them over the opening trying to block it off, due to it being the size it was she managed to console the hole, plunging the two of them into complete darkness.

Being in the dark didn't bother Michael in the slightest; he had lived for so long it and hunted his victims in it. The dark was now more a safety blanket and a weapon he could use. He didn't move and instead waited whilst listening to what was presumably Coraline scuttle around and rummaging through her bag. The sounds of clanking and the rustling of clothes were all to be heard, until she let out a small cry of satisfaction which made Michael raise an eyebrow.

>"Got a torch. I knew I packed one." She giggled in the dark; Michael smiled and waited for the light to illuminate the room and let him see Coraline in all of her beauty. But no such thing happened, instead something much more interesting and fun happened.<br>"Wait, Michael take your mask off. Let me kiss you in the dark, I won't turn it on until you say I promise." Coraline pleaded her voice low and almost a purr. He raised an eyebrow and thought about it. He wanted to kiss her; but didn't want her to see his face.

>"Okay. No turning the torch on though okay?" He sternly said, He heard Coraline hum in agreement and heard her footsteps pad over to him. Each one laced with desire and echoing around the empty room.<p>

He slid his mask off, his safety blanket and protection from the whole world. It was his shield from prying eyes that would judge how he looked and how he was and placed it on the floor. He trusted her. He could feel his heart beating faster and faster as she got closer. Soon he could feel her warm breath on his face, he gulped before raising a hand and manoeuvring it through the gloom in a bid to try and find her face. When it finally touched something it was clothed and round, it took him a few minutes before he realised he was cupping one of her breasts through her tank top. He blushed a little as Coraline laughed and lent in, he felt her breath against his ear and then her voice.

>"I thought you hated sex and everything to do with it?" She teased him, her voice was now a purr and he let out a low grunt. <em>Oh you are asking for it now Corey. </em> He thought to himself and a smile spread across his face. He felt her warm breath leave his ear and return to his face, it getting closer and closer. He moved his hand up to the skin on her neck and trailed his finger nails across it, starting off light.

Coraline's face was inches in front of his own; it was painful waiting for their lips to touch once more. He decided to speed things up and closed the gap between them quickly and sent his lips crashing down onto hers. They were warm and he got straight to the point in which they had left off, his tongue wormed his way into her mouth begging for entrance, to which she gladly gave him and met his tongue with her own. He wrapped his spare hand around her waist and pulled her in closer to him, he pressed himself against her and found himself pushing her backwards. He forced her down to the ground using his dominance and strength over her, it wasn't really him being dominant as she complied and worked with him in his little plan. Once on the ground he broke the kiss for a moment to kiss down her neck, he had seen many males do this to their girlfriends or tart they were making out with, just before he killed them both. It was rubbing salt into many wounds, they couldn't have sex; but he could. It used to repulse him the thought of having sex with someone; but that was before he met her, something was different about her and it was her willingness to kill. She was sadistic and perfect to him. She groaned a little before running her fingers through his black shaggy hair, she didn't care if it was greasy she loved the feel of it between her fingers.

>"Michael!" She gasped as he bit down where her neck met her shoulder, he dug his teeth in and bit down as hard as he could. He eventually broke the skin and could taste something coppery in his mouth, she was bleeding. He had made her bleed. He was about to withdraw when he heard her groan push his head down. He lapped up the blood before breaking off from her neck and leaning back down to her mouth.<p>

That's when it happened; He pushed his hand down on something that felt like a switch, he hadn't noticed it was there before as it was only small. Suddenly a small lamp turned on filling the room with light. Michael panicked and tried to search for his mask; but it was all too late. Coraline was staring at him in shock, her hair a mess and her shoulder bleeding a little. Her mouth was open in shock and her eyes were filled with something unreadable. Michael knew his life was over and all he had was now probably goneâ€|

\*\*Authors note: I have no idea what I just wrote, I don't do sex scenes or anything like that so this probably sucked. I know it

contains no sex and just some kinky neck biting but even that is hard to write. Well I hoped you liked my kinky little escapade in this chapter and what will Coraline think of Michael without his mask on? Will the love between the two of them last? Or will Michael have to kill her? Stay tuned to find out! Hope you enjoyed this! ¯ Lots of love Kingofslasher.\*\*

### 13. Chapter 13

\*\*Authors note:\*\*

\*\*Hope you all enjoy this chapter it has a bit of a twist to it ;) So hope you enjoy.\*\*

Michael pushed Coraline away with a lot of force. She flew down to the ground and yelped as she landed with a crash. Michael turned away from her; he couldn't let her see how he was in the light. He slowly peered around and spied his mask. He walked backwards and scooped it up before pulling it on; as he finished sorting it out he heard a whimpering noise coming from behind me. A pang of guilt hit him. He turned around slowly to see Coraline was in a ball on the floor, she was curled up and was sobbing a little. Michael crept slowly towards her; but as he stepped forward he heard the floorboards below him creak and watched as Coraline looked up, her face stained with tears and her eyes filled with fear and betrayal.

She moved away from him and stood up. She backed up against the wall, her body was shaking and she looked disappointed and hurt.

"GET AWAY FROM ME!" She shrieked waving her hands. She leapt to her feet and glanced around the room before darting towards the exit, Michael twigged on and lunged at her trying to frantically say sorry; But Coraline ignored him and struggled against his grip. The more she struggled the tighter he gripped her wrists, eventually she jabbed his wound which caused pain to ripple up his side. This caused Michael to strike out; he heard a loud crack and a crash as Coraline fell to the floor once more. She raised a hand to her cheek and whimpered some more. Michael recovered his balance and glanced over to see Coraline was shaking more, her face was red raw and he had managed to break the skin, as some crimson blood dribbled down in a little stream. He looked down at her before stepping back.

She stumbled to her feet and backed off before turning around and running towards the wooden planks that covered their hiding place, Michael watched frozen as she frantically pulled at the planks. She let out a happy exclaim as the boards were pried free, she turned to Michael before shaking her head.

"I thought you were different, I thought you weren't like the other males in my life who betrayed me and hurt me; but you turned out to be just the same." She shouted, a tiny tear of betrayal cascaded down her cheek. By the time Michael looked up from the floor, she was gone and that was that. He sighed before falling against the wall, he had destroyed all he had and now once more he was left with nothing. He closed his eyes and breathed heavily before deciding on what to do.

He agreed that she was different, so he had to go after her. He promised to protect her and love her, what kind of promise was it if

he let her run off in the city at night? He stood up and darted towards the hole and leapt out of it. The cold night's air hit him and he shivered, he glanced out over the brightly lit city and sighed.

>"Wherever you are Corey, I will find you and I will apologise." He said his voice barely audible over the wind.<p>

Michael had searched every inch of the city; but still no sign of Coraline. He had checked every alley, most late night cafes and all the deserted buildings. It had taken a fair few hours and it had been very unsuccessful. He sighed a little before sitting down on a wall in a dark alleyway. He regretted what he did; but he didn't want her to see his face. That awful face of his that hurt him every time he saw it. He was about to give up and continue to kill Teenagers; but he heard the sound of Coraline's voice. At first he thought his cruel mind was playing tricks on him and had finally turned against him; but was shocked when he looked up just in time to see Coraline being grabbed and pulled against a tall male wearing a black hoodie. He watched as she struggled and thrashed about, she would have stood a slim chance if another Male clad in the same hoodie came along and blocked his view.

>"MICHAEL!" He heard her scream, before she fell silent. He got to his feet and watched as the male blocking his view moved away revealing a limp and lifeless Coraline. <em>He drugged her, <em>Michael thought before stepping forward, he grabbed the knife he always kept on him and prepared to fight.

He stopped though, when he saw the first male carry her towards him and down the alleyway.

"We got another, she isn't the best looking bitch; but I bet she'll still fetch a good price." One of the males said, \_Price? \_Michael thought curious to what they were planning to do and inflict on poor little Coraline. The fact they called her basically ugly and a bitch infuriated him; he wanted to attack now but knew he had to bide his time and take these scumbags out one by one. He instead of attacking followed the males skulking after them both. He would get her back- No matter what.

#### 14. Chapter 14

Coraline awoke, her head felt ready to burst with pressure; and her throat felt drier than the Sahara desert. She tried to place her left hand on her pounding head, but discovered she couldn't move it. Curious, she opened her eyes slowly and braced herself for the pain. The light invaded her eyes, making her head thump and pound. She persevered and soon her eyes sprung open properly, letting her view her surroundings. She was in a warehouse, in the centre by the looks of things. The Warehouse looked disused and rather grim, dust and cobwebs clung from boxes and the rafters. She found herself peering down to see why she was so restricted. She was bound to a wooden chair with rope, because that wasn't cliche at all. \_Why does my head hurt, and why am I bound to a chair? \_She thought quickly to herself, she was trapped. Trapped like a rat. Even Michael wouldn't come save her. A pang of guilt rippled up through her, \_Michael... \_She thought bitterly to herself. He had hurt her yes; but he had done it in self defence, and she had pushed him away. The only person she knew in this city, and she had deserted him.

The smell of something potent, pulled her away from her deep thoughts. In a way she was glad, they were beginning to torment her, in a way she hated. It was coming from behind a door by the smell of things, she gagged a little and found her throat drying up some more. \_What is that smell? It's awful! \_She grimaced, it was a chemical smell for certain, the kind you'd get if you combined two kitchen detergents you weren't supposed to. Panic soon set in. She wriggled and tried to get free, she was in a warehouse, tied to a chair, her head hurt and there was a chemical smell... she had been drugged and kidnapped. \_Was it Michael? \_She thought; but she pushed that to the side, upon realising Michael didn't have the knowledge- or patience- to do that. This worried her more, at least with Michael she could plead, beg and say she was sorry; but with strangers, she was a sitting duck.

The sound of footsteps, made her wriggle and thrash about more frantically, in a bid to get free of her bonds. At least then she had a slim chance, instead of just being sat here - rendered powerless.

>"Well, well, well, lookie here boys... Little bitch is trying to get free." She heard a gruff voice mutter, the words echoed around the metal walls, bounding off of them. She slowly looked over to the direction of the voice, to see it's owner stood tall with a wide smile on his face. Coraline couldn't speak, she was frozen in fear at the sight before her. The male was tall, about the same size as Michael, the left side of his face was marred and his left eye pure white. He looked to be around thirty and was wearing a thick fur jacket, a cigar was in his left hand, which appeared to be burned. The scarred man, was surrounded by at least twelve guards, all male and rather young looking. The youngest looked to be seventeen, whilst the oldest, twenty. Whoever he was, he looked dangerous; and he certainly didn't want to invite her to a tea party. Coraline, decided to play it safe and to talk as little as possible, if she complied with what they wanted, they would more than likely release her without too much harm.<br>"You gotta name girl?" The scarred male asked, Coraline quickly debated telling him the truth or lying. She decided, there was no point in lying and replied honestly- Well to a certain extent.

>"Coraline..." She slowly choked out, her throat didn't want to release those words and had tightened itself up. The scarred male raised a questioning eyebrow before turning to one of his lackeys.<br>"Clint, that wouldn't be Coraline Foxton would it? The girl that went missing from Mississippi?" His lackey asked him, the Scarred man named Clint turned to her and lowered his face a little.

>"No, no! I'm Coraline Robinson!" Coraline quickly improvised, there was no way in hell she was being honest again. It was far too risky, it appeared people were after her- and after Michael. She wasn't putting him in danger.<p>

Clint, stared at her before shrugging his shoulders.

>"She doesn't look anything like her, the photos showed her to have long black hair, her hair is short and they have different coloured eyes. Anyways how she gonna get from there to here?" Clint spat out, reassuring himself and his men. Coraline sighed with relief, they had shown the only photo left of her on the news clearly. Her school one from the start of the year, she had worn her purple contacts that day and she had had long hair, before cutting it a few months back. She was beginning to love her weird and wacky decisions now. <em>If I had thought, my life would depend on that photo, I would have coloured my

hair blue. <em>Coraline thought to herself, the thought made her smile, something which Clint didn't like....

>"What you smiling at? You aint gonna be smiling in a few moments... your new friends are coming to see you..." He slowly spoke, a wicked smile spread across his lips, making Corey panic. She knew exactly what was going to happen to her. It all made sense now. They were sex traffickers, they took in young girls, then sold them on as slaves... This was not happening, she wasn't going to let these bastards take away her innocence and sell it to the highest bidder... in a weird way she wanted that to go to Michael...<br>"No... no not that please no!" She screamed and begged, tears began to role down her face. She had begun to get warm in the cheeks, and her head became light, this felt surreal to her; and she wasn't sure if it was another twisted dream... \_Why didn't I stay with Michael... \_She thought glumly to herself, this was it... she was going to be taken away. She was going to become a hollow husk, something that didn't have purpose in life- A Sexual dirty disgrace.

>"Shut it. You have no say, you're gonna do what we tells ya? understand? HAH course ya do, who's gonna stop us Hm?" Clint laughed whilst questioning a distraught Coraline, who looked up at him with teary eyes, hope flickering in them, she would cling to this little bit of hope, because if not she ought to just give up now.<br>"My boyfriend." She spat out, she wasn't going to let them do this. She would rather die, then become some sick twisted mans love toy. Clint laughed some more before clutching his sides.

>"Oh, and who would this hero be?" He asked through teary eyes, though his were in amusement. Coraline's smile widened.<br>"Michael..." She heard more laughter uproar from Clint and heard some of his men laugh with him.

>"Oho, the infamous Michael Myers perhaps?" Clint asked chuckling some more, Coraline bit her tongue and remained silent. <em>Yes, though I doubt he will come... <em>Coraline desperately thought, she put her head back on the back of the chair and sighed.

Low and behold to Clint, his men and Coraline, watching from an open window was Michael himself. He felt rage bubble up inside of him, they were going to violate her. dirtier her and make her impure... if anyone was to do that, it was to be him- and him alone. They didn't love her or care about her, so why should they have the honour of taking something as precious as that? They didn't have the right to do so! Sex wasn't something to casually throw about, or sell for money, it was about loving somebody to the point, you want your bodies to join and your souls to stick together. He killed many teenagers who had it, because they were throwing it about, being the idiots they were. He killed his sister, because she was a vile hateful bitch.

>"Hold on Corey, Michaels coming." He muttered under his breath, these bastards would die a painful death. No one, was going to touch her; and if they did, they'd feel his blade against their heart.<p>

\*\*Authors note:\*\*

\*\*Wanted to write this for a while; but kept scrapping it. Soooo what do you think? :)\*\*

## 15. Chapter 15

Coraline was left alone in the room. The men had disappeared, leaving

her to her thoughts. She was going to be a slave, a dirty one at that. She would be sold to the highest bidder, they would come home from work and beat her, before violating her. What kind of life was that? It wasn't a life at all. She had hopes, she had dreams; and she had desires. As soon as she began to feel happy, it was going to be stripped away from her. She longed to hear Michael's voice, to feel his presence; and feel his warm touch on her skin. She looked glumly down at the floor before sighing, she was fighting the tears back, she wanted to scream for help; but dare not do so. Instead she clenched her eyes shut tight, she would have to deal with her fate, as she dealt with her Father. Hopefully, she'd get another chance to run away. She'd run away first chance she got, she'd run away to find Michael, no matter what It took. She let out a faint sob.

>"Michael... I'm Sorry... I love you no matter what." She whispered to herself before opening her eyes.<p>

She got the shock of her life as she opened her eyes, stood in front of her clutching a bloodied knife, was none other than her sick twisted companion- Michael. She beamed as a few tears left her ducts. \_He came back for me!\_ She thought happily to herself, Michael had come back for her. He had come to defend her honour and to save her! He placed the knife into his waistband, before ripping the ropes off of Coraline. Once she was free, she rubbed her chaffed and sore wrists, all the squirming to try and get free, had seriously hurt her wrists. She jumped up and wrapped her arms around Michael's neck, she began to sob into his shoulder.

>"I'm so Sorry Michael... could you ever forgive me?" She sobbed. Tears were heavy in her eyes, Michael placed a blood sodden glove into her hair and leant in.<br>"Maybe... Depends on how far you're willing to go..." Michael cooed, Coraline stopped sobbing and looked up, tears streaking her face; and her eyes red and puffy. She wiped the tears away with a swoop of her arm, she sniffled a little before stepping back and eyeing Michael up.

>"What... What do you mean?" Coraline asked, she wasn't too sure what he meant...<br>"Kill them. Kill them all... do it for me Corey... do it for us." Michael firmly said. Her eyes widened at the offer, she wanted them to be together... but could she go through with the plan?

This was normal, to feel like this. To feel like you'd do anything for someone you loved. All teenage girls felt this way. Though, this wasn't some football player, this was a Serial Killer. A dangerous Man, that she felt compelled and attracted to. She felt safe in his arms and in his presence, she saw past what the papers and the doctors and everyone labelled him. She saw, a poor tormented soul. She loved him, she could never love anyone else. She wasn't going to give him up, she wasn't going to lose him. She had to make the decision she had to make it fast.

>"I'll... I'll do it. Give me the knife." She announced timidly. Michael smiled under his mask, this girl loved him; and was about to prove it. He was about to pass the knife to her; but she bet him to it and grabbed it out of his waistband. He smiled at her before stroking her face, staining it a little with blood.<br>"How did you get in here?" She asks him, He looked down at her and his smile widened. She was beautiful, covered in blood in his eyes. She would look irresistible in less than thirty minutes, after she murdered every single one of the fuckers.

>"I killed a few of them, their mangled bodies are out back. Stab them, mutilate them... they were going to dirty you, disgrace you;

and take your honour. The only person who is allowed to do that is me... understand?" He asked her, Coraline blushed and nodded as a smile spread across her smile. That cruel twisted smile, indicating she would take great pleasure in what she was about to do. Even though to most people, what Michael just said would come across as possessive and terrifying, to her it was the sexiest thing she had ever heard footsteps approaching and coming towards them, she was ready. She was ready to kill.  
"I am yours; and they will not take you away from me, or vice versa." She spits out, Michael nodded before walking back into the shadows.

He had Coraline's knife tucked away hidden, in case this went pear-shaped. She was going to kill them all for them, she was perfect; and this was just a test to prove their love. If she did it, she would be truly devoted to him... This was the final test of their love, after this he had something to show and do. For them to finally be together... even if it meant in death they would be together...

He watched on intrigued and in excitement... yes even if they had to die, they would be together.

\*\*Authors note:\*\*

\*\*So sorry this is short, I just wanted to get this bit of the way... the next chapter will be longer; and have a twist... hope you enjoy it :). It's about one in the morning; and the heat is keeping me awake... so enjoy this. Merry slaying. \*\*

\*\*Lots of love, Kingofslasher. I'm going to bed now. Zzzzzz  
Zzzzzz\*\*

## 16. Chapter 16

Coraline had chosen to take her place back on the chair, once more looking helpless and innocent. Though this was all a facade, it would be much more fun if she played along at first. She clutched the knife behind her and held it gripped in her hands tight. She would wait for the right moment to strike- much like she was waiting for the rabbit when she met Michael. She wondered how many days, weeks or even months it had been, it hadn't felt like two seconds; but she knew the time would have flown by. She bit her lip and glanced nervously over to the shadows, she was trying to make even the faintest of details out, she was trying to see Michael as that would provide her with a placebo effect. By seeing him, it would reassure her and make her feel better. It would make her feel like she was in no danger, when in actual fact she was in a lot. If she couldn't pull off the task by herself, she had Michael to step in and help her; but what would happen if he jumped in too late? or too early? This was a nerve racking; but yet exhilarating game they were playing. Almost like Russian Roulette, but minus the guns and twice as much fun. She sighed when she couldn't see him, and instead turned her attention back to the door. She didn't know what was behind it exactly, apart from the foul chemical smell and some faint voices.

She began to think of sad thoughts, till she felt tears roll down her face, this would make the act more convincing. It would be odd, if they came back in to see her all smiley and joyful- it would give the game plan away. So, she turned on the unique talent all members of

her gender possessed- crocodile tears. Females could turn them on and off at all points... women are not as stupid as they look. She lowered her head and made it seem like she was staring at the floor; however she kept her full attention on the door and the people who were about to enter. The knife was hidden, she was back in the same position, the tears were rolling; and the show was about to begin. Her hair covered her face, it covered her identity in a way, sort of like a mask. She smiled briefly to herself as a thought popped into her head, \_I'm copying Michael...\_ The smile didn't last long, as she had to drop it upon hearing the door creak open. She began to put on a fake whimper, the kind you'd get from an injured animal, or the kind you'd hear from someone begging for mercy.

>"Gentlemen, I present to you our latest asset. Miss Celia Smith." Clint introduced her, Coraline's eyes widened at the name Celia Smith, <em>He used a pseudonym, he used a fake identity... why? and why Celia? <em>Coraline thought quickly. Had he used it, because he had begun to think that she could be the missing Coraline? Had he seen through her web of lies? One little thread undone from that web, could unravel everything.

Coraline, wasn't the only one wondering about the fake name. From the Shadows Michael was too baffled and intrigued by the name change. \_Maybe he knows... but he still wants to sell her, even after everything that has been said on the news... \_Michael had refrained from telling Coraline; but some news stations and papers, had accused her of murdering her father and starting the fire. By the time firefighters and the police arrived, her fathers body was nothing more than a pile of charred remains; but the police wondered about Coraline. Some say she was kidnapped, others say she did it; and some people had accused her father of killing her and hiding her remains, before killing himself in shame. No one suspected that he had anything to do with it... well at first. After they massacred the teenagers in the woods, things took a turn for the worse. A new conspiracy theory came out; and it was that Michael killed her Father and took the girl... sort of true. He had only just found this out, from his little treasure hunt to find Coraline. He didn't want to alarm her; but with the police after both of them, he had no choice with what he had to do... he didn't want to do it this way; but it had to be done... his feelings were too strong, and that was a weakness...

He returned his attention back to the scene, to see that the men had moved in on her a little. There was about three of them, all dressed in suites and all stood behind the man in charge.

Coraline appeared to be relaxed, but this was the calm before the storm. She was waiting, but for what was the question? Michael had no clue, but Coraline had formulated a quick plan in her head, one that would work. IF, she applied herself at the right time, and everything went smoothly. She inhaled sharply before calculating quick last minute details, \_Not yet Corey, not yet... not yet ... NOW! \_A man had leaned in a bit too close, and this was the moment Coraline was waiting for. This Man was wearing a far more expensive looking suit than the others, indicating he was higher up than the other two; and worth a lot more. The perfect Hostage. She sprung her hands from behind her back and grabbed the fat males neck, pressing the blade in close proximity to his skin. She heard Clint shout, before the other two males bolted for the door. The Man she had gripped, started to shake and choke; but Coraline didn't ease or loosen her grip. She knew it could be a trap; and she wasn't falling for it. Clint stared

at her intently, his eyes burning with rage.

>"What the fuck do ya think ya doing?" He screeched, she knew by him shouting he was alerting his lackeys. But Michael could take care of them. She knew he could.  
"I'm about to make your face symmetrical." She jested, she knew this would infuriate him. Picking out his facial disfigurement and flaws, would fill him with so much hatred and rage, he wouldn't be able to contain it.

>"You little bitch." He lowly said, it was the first time he had properly been formal.  
"Take it easy, there is no reason for this to end badly..." Her hostage feebly said, she glowered down at him before narrowing her eyes, and applying a little bit more pressure to the hold.

>"Shut up. You was going to buy me, from psychopath over there and make me a sex slave... this cannot end positive for you or him." She informed her hostage, dashing his hopes of a peaceful ending.<p>

Coraline looked back at Clint, to see he had drawn a gun from the inside of his coat. He was smiling sadistically at her, whilst he took aim and laughed a little.

>"Goodbye, Cecilia." He bided her farewell, before he pulled the trigger. This was the tricky part for Coraline, timing it just right... she threw her Hostage up a little- Blocking the bullet with his own fat layers. The Bullet hit him and blood splattered everywhere, the man began to gasp and scream in agony, as the bullet tore through muscle, organ and ligament. Sending massacring pain shattering throughout his whole body. Coraline laughed before tossing the hostage to one side, it wasn't so much a toss more a letting go of his slowly dying body, and letting it fall to the floor. It made a squealchy thud, as dying flesh met concrete floor. Coraline giggled playfully before stepping over the man, leaving him for dead.  
"Woopsie." She giggled, pressing her hand over her mouth. As if her helping to kill the man was nothing more than her being clumsy. The man moaned and Coraline rolled her eyes, she wanted to kick him in the stomach; but that would get more blood on her than needed. That and it would confirm that she played a part in his death, she couldn't leave any trace.

She looked back over to Clint once more, he was shaking a lot and his face was pale. He kept a firm grip on the gun though, his eyes watching every move Coraline made. He had underestimated her power and abilities, as well as her actually identity.

>"So you are that Coraline, the one everyone's been looking for... tell me what happened?" Clint probed, she wouldn't deny him this request, as he knew she thought she was in control of this situation. Coraline smirked before stepping closer.  
"You'll be dead soon... My father torched the house, So I ran... I ran until I ended up here." She lied, she wasn't letting the secret go now. It was hers and Michaels; and it would remain that way, till the day she and he died... if Michael could die that was. She had heard stories, so many stories, it was these stories that attracted her to him. Clint laughed loudly and threw his head back, before wiping a tear away with his finger as he looked back at her.

>"Bullshit, If I ever did her it... time for you to die now, nighty night Cora..." Before he could even finish the sentence and take proper aim, Michael burst out from his spot in the shadows and began to wrestle for dominance with Clint.<p>

Coraline heard her hostage moan in pain once more; but she ignored him and instead focused on watching Michael fight Clint. Though it

wasn't really a fight, as Clint turned out to be much weaker than Michael- though that was to be expected. In the end Michael managed to grab a hold of the gun, his wound was burning as it had reopened and was pouring blood out; but he had managed to aim the gun at Clint's temple. He didn't know if Clint was aware; but it didn't matter. Michael pressed down on Clint's finger that was hovering over the trigger, sending a bullet right into his head... Killing him on impact, and coating Michael in a thick spray of crimson blood. The gunshot made Coraline jump, her eyes widened with fear as two things came into her train of thought. \_Has Michael been shot? and that's just alerted all of his Lackeys to the commotion. \_Coraline bit her lip, before turning back to the dying man behind her. His breathing was laboured and his body was going still. He didn't have the energy to moan or plead; but Coraline felt no sympathy for him nor Clint. They deserved what they had got. She heard Clint's body fall to the floor; and she looked over to see Michael stood coated in blood and brains.

She edged closer to him, her heart pounding in her chest... she had yearned for his touch since she left... she wanted to be in his arms, his breathing and heartbeat lulling her to sleep. She didn't care if she saw hi face, as long as she was near him. She felt unclean and sticky, she was too covered in some blood; but not near as much as Michael. She smiled meekly at him before shuffling a little on the spot.

>"I'm... I'm sorry... we need to go now though. Clint has a gang and..." Michael put her concern to rest.<br>"The Chemical they used to drug you and the others, I may have opened a vat or two down the corridor before coming here." Michael whispered, she could tell he was uncomfortable speaking around others... even if said others were nothing more than lifeless corpses. She smiled before running over to him and wrapping her arms around his neck. She held him tightly, refusing to let go of him ever. She didn't care if she got more blood on her, she was too busy inhaling his scent and stealing what little warmth he had on him. She felt comfort and relief come flooding back to her, when she felt his strong powerful arms embrace her. Even though it was a cautious and wary embrace to start with. She snuggled her head into his chest, nothing was going to ruin this moment... well until an unexpected third wheel spoke up.

>"He's...He's dead... you killed him?" A timid young male voice asked, Coraline let go and spun around quickly, the gun was still in Clint's lifeless hand, so it rendered it a useless weapon.<p>

Though, weapons would not be needed for this. The male stood before her, was a few years older than she was, with a look of pure joy on his face. Coraline looked at him confused, whilst Michael wrapped an arm protectively around Coraline's waist. Nothing would get to her, without going through him first.

>"Thank you! Clint's reign of Terror is over." The male rejoiced before bowing a little. Coraline rolled her eyes before stroking Michaels arm a little, this earned her a slight shiver which made her snicker with delight.<br>"I thought you was all drugged, and you are happy to see your boss dead?" Coraline inquired, Michael rolled his eyes under his mask. \_You haven't fully grasped the whole Slash N Dash concept yet Corey have you? \_She was still learning though; and tonight's performance had certainly earned her, her little supirse, even though it wasn't to be pleasant. The Male looked over, his eyes wide as he finally spied Michael. During the excitement he hadn't really noticed, as stupid as it sounds.

>"Michael... Myers!" He shrieked a little, jumping up and down manically waving his arms.  
"Calm down. He won't hurt you... well not yet anyway... look just answer my questions and we will take our leave." Coraline cooed, before sheepishly looking at the dead bodies. The male calmed down and nodded.

>"Okay, Okay. I came in late; and well missed the gassing. I came in through a different entrance, if I was caught arriving late once more, Clint was going to take Claire... You see, all the guys in his gang, were here to protect or regain their sisters or girlfriends or friends. Clint took them, kept them in a holding pen, until someone bought them or settled a fine for them." The boy explained, he ran a hand through his auburn hair and sighed with relief.<p>

Coraline nodded as did Michael, who let go and started to walk towards the door.

>"Why didn't you go to the police? and what do you plan to do now?" This made Michael pause, before rolling his eyes once more, his companion was rather curious... too curious. <em>SLASH N DASH! IT'S NOT HARD! </em>He thought to himself, before turning back around to face the other two people in the room. He hated spending more time than needed at the murder scene, it meant less time to get away; and more time around the dead... It grossed him out, the smell of freshly dead bodies. A weakness if you would. Though, not one that could be used in fighting him.

>"Police here were paid off by him, so they were corrupted meaning we couldn't confide in them. As for now, I plan to go get Claire my sister, you two can go... I'm only doing this because you helped free us and them... I'll give you an Alibi. James is on the job!" The male named James smiled, Michael raised an eyebrow at James's show of kindness before looking at Coraline who nodded.<br>"Thank you James, I guess your debt is paid in full... Just don't mention Michael." She warned before running to the safety of her saviour. James nodded before winking.

>"I'm not asking why you are with him, nor do I want to know... I never saw him or you." With that Michael and Coraline nodded before fleeing the scene, taking their knives with them.<p>

Leaving a confused James to scratch his head.

>"Now then, where to start with this mess." He sighed as he looked at the bodies, and he heard the groans of the other members waking up. For once, he was happy with coming in late.<p>

(Time skip to three hours later.)

Sgt. Jones looked at the bodies, before letting the sheets fall back down on top of them, hiding the death and massacre that went on here. He strolled back outside, to see that the police had cornered off the building, whilst peoples prying eyes looked on, trying to catch a glimpse of what had unfolded here tonight. How it disgusted him. How could misfortune and death, intrigue people and make good gossip? He didn't know; and didn't want to. He walked over to the Ambulance, in which one of the witnesses was sat. He had a few cuts and scrapes, but no major damage, meaning he could testify what he saw. He knew about this undercover operation, some cops had confessed to been bribed; and in exchange for a lighter sentence had spoke out against Clint. The ring leader of this whole sordid business. Sgt. Jones sighed before combing his black hair back, he wasn't getting paid enough to be doing this anymore. The cases were getting more and more extreme, and the job much less rewarding.

>"It's James right?" Sgt. Jones asked the teen, James nodded before

pulling the white blanket closer to him.<br>"Tell me what happened James." Sgt. Jones barked it was cold and he knew the boy would want to see his sister and get home, so he would wrap this up as quick as he could... so he could go back to bed as well.

>"Do you know about the basics?" James inquired, when Sgt. Jones nodded James continued. "Well, Mr. Kellen, came in looking at one of our girls, an argument broke out; and Clint shot Mr. Kellen, before shooting himself. He had exposed himself to a high dosage of the drug we used to knock the girls out, he had forgot to put the lid on so, the others got knocked out too. I came in a little late; and used the backdoor and saw it all..." James informed, Sgt. Jones nodded and jotted down as much as he could on his notepad.<br>"Who was the girl they were arguing over?" Sgt. Jones asked, James gulped and quickly thought of what to say.

>"Her real name wasn't known to me, they call called her Celia Jerome. It was a stupid fake identity; but that's all I know... Now can I see Clair?" James pleaded, Sgt. Jones looked up from his writing and nodded.<br>"Come with me to the station, we've recovered her." He quickly said, he watched as the boys face lit up.

Seeing James this happy, made this job a little more rewarding. Though not many people appreciated what he did, this boy was more than happy with what he had done, and that made this night worth it. Sgt. Jones quickly smiled before moving away and looking down at his notes. \_Celia Jerome... odd name even for a fake one. \_He had a gut instinct there was more to this than meets the eye... He looked back to See James following him, the blanket still wrapped around him. There was something funny here, and it wasn't the chemicals. The name Celia Jerome wasn't a coincidence. Sgt. Jones muttered something under his breath as he passed a reporter. They were all leeches. Leaching off of other peoples misfortunes, for their own personal gain. In his line of work, he believed in the saying "One persons misfortune, is another's fortune." and with reporters it was bang on right. This would be the talk of the town come tomorrow morning. People would panic, mothers would lock their children away, men would become overprotective. \_I mean come on, it's not like Myers is back is it? \_Sgt. Jones joked to himself.

Meanwhile, across town in the abandoned building, Michael and Coraline had showered and changed. They had found a disused shower on the floor below, and had enjoyed an ice cold dark shower- though it was far better than having brains and blood stuck to you. Michael had gone first, he was now out dried and dressed, and awaiting Coraline to join him, so he could finish the plan off. He had grown too close to her, his feelings were far too strong... he couldn't go on like this anymore. He heard the floorboards creak and he looked up to see Coraline in her bed shorts and a tank top. She smiled, but he didn't smile back at her. Not that she could tell, since his mask was still on. He had dimmed the lamp a little; and was sat upon an old wooden crate, brooding and debating how to finish this plan... either way it had to be done tonight.

Coraline threw the soaking wet towel down onto the floor, letting a thud echoed around the empty and desolate building. These were once flats, but no one wanted to buy so they became ruins. A squatters paradise. Though, from the looks of things, even the squatters didn't wan them. Michael watched her carefully, his eyes absorbing every last detail of her- he wanted to remember her this way. She lay down on the bed, it was the fold up flat kind of bed, never been slept in before. \_You have to do it now Michael, you can't hold back any

longer. His animal instinct kicked in, Whilst Coraline was distracted by staring out at the stars, he grabbed his knife and skulked over to where she was sat. Yes, after tonight it would all be over. These feelings would hopefully be subdued.

When he sat on the bed, Coraline didn't look back at him. She trusted him too much.

>"Look at how pretty the stars..." Michael would never let her finish that sentence, he grabbed her wrists and brought her down on the mattress. Pressing her back deep down into it. Coraline yelped a little before struggling, when she saw the glint of the blade she began to panic and wriggle about some more, kicking and lashing out. This only egged Michael on so more, no matter how much she lashed out and protested, the task had to be done and completed. These feelings were too much to bare... he was turning into a common man.<p>

She struggled some more, when she saw him raise the knife. She clenched her eyes shut and prepared herself, for the feel of the knifes cold sting, as he drove it deep into her body, killing her and taking her very life away. So he could keep and cherish it... However, she feels no sting of the icy cold blade, she only hears the ripping sound of Material.

Coraline opened her eyes to see Michael dragging the knife down her blue tank top, before dropping the knife to the floor and ripping the rest of it with his hands. Puzzled by what he's doing she raised an eyebrow and sat up a little.

>"So you aren't going to kill me?" Coraline asked, Michael looked up a puzzled look gracing his face underneath the mask.<br>"No what gave you... Okay maybe coming at you with knife wasn't..." Michael didn't want to finish speaking, his whole idea of romance was fucked up... just like him... just like Corey. In fact, this whole act that was going to unfold was going to be fucked up.

>"So what are you doing?" Coraline asked stroking his mask, which was still stained faintly with blood.<br>"Getting rid of these urges. They are not right, I shouldn't feel this way... If I do this, then maybe I could learn to control them." Michael admitted, it then dawned on Coraline what he was saying... he wanted Sex. He didn't want to kill her, he wanted to take her innocence away. Ironic to say the least, but rather sweet... and messed up.

Coraline hopped off the bed, Making Michael worried he had fucked up. If he had messed this up and she was going to run, then he would have to kill her. No one could know his secrets or weaknesses. The room was plunged into darkness, and he heard Coraline fumble about in the dark before rejoining him on the bed. He was about to ask what all that was about, but Coraline demanded one thing of him first.

>"Take your mask off, if we are to do this... then it's no mask." She cooed, Michael paused and debated it before taking it off and tossing it to the side. At the sound of the rubber meeting the floor, Coraline tossed the remainder of her tank top to the ground and lunged at Michael.<p>

Capturing his chaffed lips to her, Michael startled at first regained control of what was going on; and asserted his dominance. Coraline's hands ran over his scarred facial features. There were a fair few scars, though that didn't bother her, she liked the raised feel of them under her fingers, providing her with a pleasurable feel. She felt his hands run down her chest and pause just above her breasts,

he was debating on touching them, which Coraline sniggered at. This was a challenge in a way for Michael, one which he mastered the courage to complete. Coraline ran her fingers through his damp black hair, it was shaggy like but she didn't care. Michael broke off the kiss and trailed kisses down her neck, biting now and again. Coraline moaned, whilst undoing the zipper on his boiler suit. Exposing taut muscle and flesh, she ran her fingers over each bump and scar, it was unreal how fast this was happening. It was unreal that this was happening. It was irony at it's finest, rubbing salt into all those dead souls wounds. It would be rather amusing, if some other crazed masked killer, burst in and cockblocked him, like he had done to so many others.

She fell back on the Mattress, taking Michael with her. He landed on top of her and began to grind a little... this was the night. A unholy fucked up night...

\*\*Authors note:

>This is the longest thing I have wrote in a while!<br>\*\*\*\*So what do you think? nice twist or creepy twist? XD I don't write sex scenes, and this has taken me three days to write. The story is nearly complete; but I do have plans for a sequel. Thank you!\*\*

End  
file.